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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR London friends are to have one more opportunity of hearing the Rev. Robert Collyer before his return to New York. He is to preach at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, on Sunday morning, and at Wandsworth in the evening.

On Sunday evening also, another of our visitors, Mr. A. M. Bose, M.A., who is shortly returning to Calcutta, is to deliver an address at the Highgate Church on "How Unitarians may further help the Brahmo-Somaj Movement in India."

On Sunday, July 24, Professor Bracciforti of Milan, whom we had the pleasure of seeing in London during Whit-week, paid a visit to Piacenza, and addressed the congregation of the Oratorio San Paolo, speaking from the pulpit, before the final benediction by the Bishop-elect. The congregation numbered above a thousand, and Professor Bracciforti assured them of the cordial sympathy with which the Unitarians of London had heard of their struggles for liberty in religion, and delivered to them the brotherly greetings with which their messages had been reciprocated.

THE August number of the *Magazine of Art* contains a special supplement devoted to the works of Burne-Jones. Some of the pictures are beautifully re-produced, among them "The Adoration of the Magi," "Love among the Ruins," and the first and sixth of the "Days of Creation,"

which are in the collection of Mr. Alexander Henderson, and as windows are also to be seen in the Manchester College Chapel at Oxford. The portrait of the artist by Watts is also given. Mr. R. de la Sizeranne writes a tribute from France, and Mr. Fernand Khnopff from Belgium, while a third article is contributed by the editor, Mr. M. H. Spielmann. Both the French and Belgian artists dwell upon the impression made by Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," when exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1889. "Burne-Jones," says Mr. Sizeranne, "seems to have been born in the fifteenth century. All these years he has slept in the depths of some enchanted palace, preserving through his slumbers all the exquisite and primitive refinement of the Tuscan painters. His repose there sheltered him from the changes of fashion, which are the wrinkles of age to Art, as revolutions leave wrinkles on Society, and years leave them on the faces of princesses who do not sleep. He was sleeping when Poussin painted his Romans, when David resuscitated the Old World, when Reynolds delivered his discourses. And then he awoke in the midst of a world older by three centuries than himself. That is the secret of his originality, his bewitching charm."

MR. SPIELMANN gives us a new aspect of Burne-Jones when he speaks of him as in the best and highest sense a humorist. "The sprightliness and vivacity of his fun were not confined to his conversation, fluent, picturesque, and laughable as it was. It overflowed from his pencil, and until a collection of his humorous sketches and caricatures is issued or shown, the public will never know one of the most exhilarating characteristics of his artistic temperament. He was a Radical of Radicals, hot as a Home Ruler, and always disposed to countenance militant independence." This is the same man of whom again M. G. Mourey, quoted by Mr. Khnopff, says, "He is an Italian of the fifteenth century, with the same fervent worship of beauty, and above all with the same high purpose of seeing through the transient life of the real, and rendering nothing but the imperishable presence of the soul."

THE Royal Archæological Institute, in the course of its meetings at Lancaster, paid a visit to the old church at Heysham, where there are very interesting Saxon remains. In the churchyard is a celebrated "hogback" stone with elaborate carvings. These, a correspondent in the *Athenæum* says, "are considered to be a striking example of the pagan and Christian overlap in the north of England, the one side being illustrative of the pagan Sagas,

and the other of the story of Christ; the anthesis is between Christ the Conqueror and Christ the Redeemer, or between the violent destruction of evil and the silent birth of good." In the churchyard at Halton a similar memorial is found, the shaft of a pre-Norman sculptured cross bearing in one part what is held to be the forging of Sigurd's sword, and other incidents of his life, and in another part the crucifixion and glorification of Christ. West of the church at Heysham are the ruins of the earlier chapel of St. Patrick, said to be a monument of British Christianity before even the Saxon period.

At the June meeting of the Manchester Ladies' Literary Club, a paper was read by Miss Mary Dendy on "The Defective Life" as it had come under her observation in Manchester Board-schools. On the borderline between normal children and pronounced idiots, for whom due provision was made, there remained a large class of feeble-minded and defective children, who received at present no adequate care. Untaught, with undeveloped faculties, and animal passions unguided by any light of reason, these were turned into the world, becoming a misery to themselves and a danger to society. Such children require special treatment, and afterwards, under proper teaching and control, they might have a useful and happy life. "In good hands they are nearly self-supporting; in bad hands they are self-destroying." Miss Dendy (as reported in the *Woman's Signal*) advocated the permanent care of the feeble-minded, and urged not only the establishment of special classes in appropriate day-schools, but boarding-schools, where they should remain working and playing, big children all their lives, but, happily, harmless children instead of degraded and dangerous ones.

THE subject of deficient children is also dealt with by a correspondent of the *Guardian* in reference to the schools of Berlin, where a new system of dealing with such children is being tried. The following passage describes what is now to be done :—

Henceforth abnormally stupid children are to be treated as a class apart in the Berlin Volksschulen. A teacher must report to the headmaster any pupil he may have in his class who seems to find unusual difficulty in learning. This pupil the headmaster himself must then examine; and if after so doing he is convinced that the root of his trouble lies not in laziness, but in lack of brain power, he hands him over to the school doctor, who has to decide the whys and wherefores of this lack. If he certifies it to be a case not of mental disease, but of defective intelligence—i.e., stupidity—the boy is placed in one of the special classes reserved for his kind. These



classes—some of them are already organised—are held in the ordinary school buildings, and the children who attend them follow all the routine of school life. There are, however, never more than twelve of them in a class, and none of them are required to work, at least with their heads, for more than two hours a day. During these two hours they have regular lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of religion; and their teachers try to interest them in other subjects by talking to them individually, and showing them models and pictures. All the instruction given is of the very simplest kind, eyes being appealed to whenever possible rather than ears. Infinite trouble is taken indeed to teach these luckless little ones to use their eyes, and to put them in the way of observing what is going on around them, for the majority of them, if left to themselves, would go through life practically blindfold. They are carefully trained, too, to use their fingers, and, as they give much less time to headwork than their schoolfellows, they have the more, of course, to give to handicrafts. Not only have they special teaching in all sorts of manual work, but they join the ordinary school classes for drawing, carpentering, singing, and, if girls, for needlework, housewifery, and cooking. They are drilled, too, with the rest of the children, and join with them in all the games in the playground and gymnasium. They are, in fact, kept apart from their fellows only when, if they were with them, they would work at a disadvantage owing to their poor feeble brains.

THE fifth session of the Liberal Congress of Religions, an outcome of the Chicago Parliament of Religions, is to be held at Omaha, October 18-23, in connection with the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition. The Congress sermon is to be preached by Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago. Methodists and Baptists, Episcopalians, Independents, and Unitarians are united with their Jewish brethren in this movement. The Unitarian members of the Board of Directors—the Revs. M. J. Savage, J. H. Crooker, W. C. Gannett, and N. M. Mann,—have addressed a circular to the members of their own communion, urging a large attendance at the Congress, one of the chief aims of which is “to widen the limits of religious fellowship, and increase practical co-operation among the denominations.”

IN the course of the meeting of the Wesleyan Conference at Hull on Tuesday last an important question in connection with temperance was dealt with. Several circuits having sent memorials suggesting that persons engaged in the liquor traffic should not be eligible for office in the Methodist Church, the Rev. John S. Simon (Bristol) reported the finding of the Memorials Committee, which was as follows:—“That this Conference was never more alive than at the present time to the dire results of the liquor traffic, and rejoices in the progress of temperance sentiment and practice in the Methodist Church, but feels that it is undesirable in the interests of temperance work to interfere with the constitutional method of electing our Church officers.” The Rev. Charles Garrett moved as an amendment:—“That while not interfering with the constitutional method of appointing the officers of our Church, the Conference recommends our people to keep free from complicity with a traffic, the results of which are injurious to the interests of religion, morality, and social life.” Ultimately the two resolutions were made into one, and unanimously passed.

THE Annual of the Essex Hall Temperance Association for 1898-99 is now issued. It contains not only a report of the fifth annual meeting, and lists of officers, subscribers and affiliated societies, but a catalogue of the two small circulating libraries, with conditions on which they are lent, a list of books suitable for Band of Hope prizes, a section on the loan of lantern slides, and a list of speakers who are willing, as far as possible, to visit affiliated Temperance societies in the neighbourhood of London. The Annual will be sent to any applicant on receipt of a halfpenny stamp, by Mr. J. Bredall, 238, Barry-road, East Dulwich, S.E.

LAST Saturday, the very day on which his resignation of the office of Principal of Glasgow University took effect, the Very Rev. John Caird died at Greenock. Fifteen years older than his brother Edward, the present Master of Balliol, Dr. Caird was in his seventy-eighth year. The eldest son of Mr. John Caird, of Greenock, he graduated at Glasgow University in 1845, and in the same year was ordained to the pastorate of Newton-upon-Ayr in the Established Church of Scotland, removing two years later to Edinburgh. There his reputation as a preacher was very great, but he could not bear the strain of the many calls upon his strength, and in 1849 he became the minister of a country church, at Errol, in Perthshire. In October, 1855, he preached before the Queen and Prince Albert, at Crathie, that sermon on “The Religion of Common Life,” which was published by Royal command, and attracted a very widespread attention. In 1857 Dr. Caird removed to Glasgow, as minister of Park Church, and five years later was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University. In 1873 he became Principal and Vice-Chancellor. He was the author of an “Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,” and of the volume on Spinoza in Blackwood’s “Philosophical Classics for English Readers,” but perhaps his greatest work was in personal influence in the University.

#### ’T WAS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

*From the Christian Register.*

IT was on July 15, 1838, that Emerson delivered that Divinity School Address than which no religious utterance in our American history has proved more memorable. When we think of its large significance, it seems almost ridiculous that it was delivered in the little chapel of the Divinity School, which a congregation of one hundred persons would quite fill. St. Peter’s dome is not too high, its spacious floor is not too wide, for such exalted speech, for discourse so liberal in its scope. Very interesting is it to read of the immediate impression that it made on minds of different capacity and different degrees of detachment from conventional intellectual restraints. Lowell’s impressions have been recorded for us with particular felicity; and we know how wonderfully young Theodore Parker’s heart was stirred as he went home to West Roxbury, a good long walk for pondering the strangely beautiful and impressive things that he had heard.

They have lost none of their beauty by the lapse of sixty years. How many of us know by heart the opening passage which began, “In this refulgent summer it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life,”

and the closing passage, which is a glowing prophecy, and many an intervening paragraph and phrase of rare, imperishable charm. We think, if by God’s grace we might have heard those things straight from the young master’s lips! But, perhaps, it is just as well that we did not. The faithful years may have attuned our minds to receive cordially what then we should have rejected angrily or have listened to as to an unknown tongue.

It is remarkable how little time has staled the infinite variety of the address. So many things that are timely in their day suffer such diminution and destruction from the abrasion of the flood of years! But Emerson’s address has a perennial charm.

Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow.

It is certainly one of the most beautiful things he ever wrote and one that has the most of that formal integrity, that “wholeness of tissue,” which Matthew Arnold missed in Emerson’s work. But it is not alone the beauty that survives. The permanent element in the thought bears a proportion to the whole, remarkable for a document proceeding from the third decade of the century. This is because it was in its day a prophetic writing.

#### ALL’S WELL.

O WEALTH of life beyond all bound!  
Eternity each moment given!  
What plummet may the Present sound?  
Who promises a future heaven?  
Or glad, or grieved,  
Oppressed, relieved,  
In blackest night, or brightest day,  
Stills pours the flood  
Of golden good,  
And more than heartfull fills me aye.  
My wealth is common; I possess  
No petty province, but the whole;  
What’s mine alone is mine far less  
Than treasure shared by every soul.  
Talk not of store,  
Millions or more,—  
Of values which the purse may hold,—  
But this divine!  
I own the mine  
Whose grains outweigh a planet’s gold.  
I have a stake in every star,  
In every beam that fills the day;  
All hearts of men my coffers are,  
My ores arterial tides convey;  
The fields, the skies,  
The sweet replies,  
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust;  
The oaks, the brooks,  
And speaking looks  
Of lovers, faith and friendship’s trust.  
Life’s youngest tides joy-brimming flow  
For him who lives above all years,  
Who all-immortal makes the Now  
And is not ta’en in Time’s arrears:  
His life’s a hymn  
The seraphim  
Might hark to hear or help to sing,  
And to his soul  
The boundless whole  
Its bounty all doth daily bring.  
—D. A. WASSON.

THE programme for the recent annual distribution of prizes at the City of London School records that the Mortimer Exhibition, for general science, and also the Hall Silver Medal for chemical science, have been awarded to Claude H. B. Epps (6th Form), the third son of Mr. Hahne-mann Epps.



## JOHN WESLEY'S LIFE AND JOURNAL.

JOHN WESLEY'S life ranges from 1703 to 1791, so that he and the eighteenth century run along together. According to the ideas of many people of the present day it was a dead-and-alive period, but this conclusion does injustice to it in various respects. For alike in literature, in science, and in philosophy the century possesses a multitude of names which will never die. Wesley, however, belongs to the ecclesiastical aspect of the age, and especially represents the vigorous religious spirit breathed by him over the arid waste of the National Church. Bishop Burnet and other good authorities mourn over the ignorance of the clergy, which made them incompetent to preach so as to hold the attention of even country congregations, and much less the attention of city congregations, where wits and critics and smart thinkers now and then put in an appearance. Of course, Burnet speaks of the candidates whom he had to examine. No doubt there were older clergy of a better sort, although they were slowly passing away, and the new generation were ill-taught and largely careless, entering the Church for the sake of getting a living, and having scanty interest in the Prayer-Book, as they had scanty knowledge of it. While the official religion of the State was in this melancholy plight the Deists naturally assumed a tone of superiority. Their religion of Nature was deficient in emotionalism, but still it had a solid basis of reason to rest on, and, as far as it went, it was decidedly helpful to belief in God and a hope of immortality. It was the fashion to call Deism, because it did not accept the established orthodoxy, "Infidelity," as if an opprobrious name made an opprobrious thing. How widely it was spread is evident from Bishop Butler's account of why he wrote his famous and inconclusive "Analogy." The poets of Queen Anne and the early Georges, if not plainly heterodox, could not be reckoned among defenders of a faith such as Butler desired. They were moralists and natural religionists. Orthodoxy, if they had it, was conspicuous by its absence, and only when Cowper appeared did poetry and the authorised creeds begin plainly to go hand in hand. When John Wesley went to Christ Church, Oxford, in his seventeenth year, the University and the national atmosphere in religious matters was the opposite of that which he spent seventy years in endeavouring to create, with a patience, a self-sacrifice, and almost superhuman labour which have had few parallels.

He was one of a family of nineteen, and had a fine ancestry for generations back on both sides. His mother particularly was a very remarkable woman, and his father was a clergyman of genuine and unostentatious piety. To the High Churchism of his home and bringing up John Wesley always remained faithful. Picture him, then, at Oxford. He was well educated to begin with. Home training had made him a good scholar. Soon he distinguished himself at the University, and became Fellow of Lincoln. But from the first he took religion seriously. He and his brother Charles and some other serious-minded youths formed what the University wits called "The Holy Club." Then they were called Methodists because they

lived in a methodical manner. The celebrated George Whitefield, who entered the College as a servitor, and had previously helped his mother in the public-house which she kept, soon afterwards joined them. They were fifteen in number. They fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays. They devoted much time to self-examination. Southey says their system, notwithstanding that it professes to obey the laws of the Church of England, might fitly be appended to the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola. Be that as it may, the young enthusiast earnestly desired to make Christianity, as he understood it, a living guide for himself and for his fellow-creatures. His tendencies were mystical in thought, yet he practically turned mysticism into work for man and God. Law's "Serious Call" and the "Imitation" of Thomas à Kempis were his favourite books. He felt called to be an evangelist, and to counteract the irreligion and frivolity of the age.

The father died at a good old age at Epworth, John and his younger brother Charles, to whom we owe some of the sweetest hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, being with him at the time. The mother and sisters were left unprovided for. John might have had the post, and thus saved them from the hardships of comparative poverty, but he wanted a different sphere. He was afraid that the position of a country parson would be injurious to his soul's health, and would thus make him less useful in Gospel work. He decided to go to Savannah, in Georgia, there to take charge of the religious interests of a newly-established colony, and to convert the neighbouring Indians. But here his High Church proclivities got him into difficulties. Quarrels broke out about Baptism. He refused the Communion to a lady because he thought she ought to mend her ways. She and her friends said it was because she had married someone else after disagreeing with him. Anyway, he was arrested. Various events, which he describes as special providences on his behalf, followed, and when two years and four months had elapsed he came back to England. In the meantime a great spiritual change, amounting to a revolution, had taken place in himself. Some Moravians whom he met on his passage out to Savannah convinced him that he was not a truly converted man. He was a good man no doubt; he laboured according to his lights, and from the standpoint of commonplace religion he was all that worldly people asked for. He had a sort of faith. But he believed too much in his own works, his own sufferings, his own righteousness. He said: "The faith I want is a sure trust and confidence in God, that through the merits of Christ my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favour of God. I want that faith which none can have without knowing that he hath it (though many imagine they have it, who have it not); for whosoever hath it is freed from sin; the whole body of sin is destroyed in him; he is freed from fear, having peace with God through Christ, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And he is freed from doubt, having the love of God shed abroad in his heart, through the Holy Ghost which is given unto him, which Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit that he is a child of God." This rest to his soul he finally attained after spending some months with Count

Zinzendorf and the Moravian brethren at Herrnhut. The American Abel Stevens, in his eloquent "History of Methodism," observes:—"Methodism owes to Moravianism special obligations. First, it introduced Wesley into that regenerated spiritual life, the supremacy of which over all ecclesiastical supremacy and dogmatism it was the appointed mission of Methodism to re-assert and promote in the Protestant world. Second, Wesley derived from it some of his clearest conceptions of the theological ideas which he was to propagate as essentially related to this spiritual life, and he returned from Herrnhut not only confirmed in his new religious experience, but in these most important doctrinal views. Third, Zinzendorf's communities were based upon Spener's plan of reforming the Established Churches by forming little churches within them in despair of maintaining spiritual life among them otherwise. Wesley thus organized Methodism within the Anglican Church; and fourth, not only in this general analogy, but in many details of his discipline can we trace the influence of Moravianism."

In 1738 he was thus prepared to begin the career which has made him famous. It is worth while here to notice that Wesley introduced nothing really new into the theology of the century. He always had been, and he continued to the end of his life, a devout conforming member of the Church of England. Her doctrines were his doctrines. He only differed from other clergymen in being zealous and enthusiastic where they were cold, and at the best lukewarm. The witness of the Spirit, and the certainty that he was in a state of grace, he was taught by the Moravians. It is a cocksureness which in many cases is accompanied by something very like Pharisaism. Perhaps early Methodists were more inclined to fall victims to spiritual vanity than other religionists, and to look down on the rest of people as in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, even though they may have the qualities which the good Samaritan possessed, and which the priest and the Levite were without. But there was nothing of this in Wesley himself. All Christians are not like Christ, and all Wesleyans were not like Wesley.

In the first movements towards founding "little churches within the Church" there was a plentiful mixture of extravagance. Wesley stirred up the sluggishness of multitudes. He was a kind of wandering angel troubling pools of Bethesda. Special providences, trances, and wild emotional excitement, in which new converts from indifference and worldliness seemed to go, what, nowadays, we should almost call, mad, followed the rousing evangelist wherever he went. He declined to take any particular charge; and the Bishop of London, together with the Archbishop, permitted him to preach wherever he pleased and in whatever pulpit a rector or vicar might place at his disposal. Naturally, some old-fashioned parsons of the Church of England, such as the novelists of the time portray, did not care for his enthusiasm and the disorders which generally followed in its train; and so they set themselves in opposition, when they were not content to quietly stand aloof. Country villagers and town mobs, however, on too many occasions proceeded to downright violence, and the news of his approach to any neighbourhood was the signal for the gather-



ing together of roughs, drunkards, and disreputable people generally, that they might put down by physical force, and in the name of respectable religion, this disturber of the public peace. Even magistrates sometimes stretched their power beyond what the law allowed them to do, and sanctioned the turbulence of mobs by winking at it, sometimes also by actually taking part in it, and seldom failing to rebuke the innocent offender himself. In justice to all concerned, however, it must be borne in mind that Wesley's missionary wanderings were a revolutionary innovation on the old order of things, and although he himself remembered that he was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, he did not always succeed, nor perhaps did he even care to succeed, in controlling the pious exuberance of his followers just then awakened out of their long sleep of religious indifference. They were intoxicated, and he and they alike had therefore to bear the brunt of the contumely excited by their well-meant but not always wisely-managed protests against the prevailing dead level of religious life which existed in England during a large portion of the eighteenth century. Authentic stories without number are told of the here indescribable early Methodist outbursts of shrieks, convulsions, and other accompaniments of conversion. Mostly the so-called conversion was really followed by more temperance, less profanity, and altogether a better and more moral style of life. This was a genuine improvement, and if it did not lift the new life itself very high, it was at any rate vastly superior to the death which it displaced, and to the violence which opposed it. There was one serious drawback to it all. No change was made in the theology, beyond the difference that the old doctrines were now proclaimed in earnest by sincere believers, whereas before the same doctrines were in the Prayer-Book, and also in the sermons, but often proclaimed without unction, and it may be without much faith. At any rate such was the Methodist view. Wesley's own unequalled labours on horseback throughout all parts of the kingdom, together with the labours of his brother Charles, so increased the "church within the Church" that it became necessary to enrol what he called "helpers." Of course, these were laymen who acted as preachers. No Bishop would ordain them, and so he, and some of the clergymen who worked with him, ventured to perform the episcopal ceremony themselves. It was a hazardous thing for a High Churchman, and being an educated and scholarly man himself, he was much troubled by the ignorance of many of his helpers. But they were all converted, and that made them saving preachers, while in the meantime he harboured schemes of education, which have by degrees developed into a system which enables Wesleyan ministers to take their stand on the same level of learning as the clergy of the Church of England. On June 25, 1744, the first Conference was held at the Foundry in London. There were present John and Charles Wesley, four ordained ministers of the Established Church, who always opened their pulpits to the two Wesleys, and six lay-preachers. They defined Repentance, Faith, Justification, Sanctification, and the Witness of the Spirit. These were the essentials of personal religion. The truth of the Creeds and Articles, and the general system of

orthodox Christianity, was taken for granted. Now Methodism first appeared as an ecclesiastical organisation, and a pause in the narrative may be made.

WILLIAM BINNS.

## LITERATURE.

### SOME RECENT BOOKS ON CHURCH HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.\*

THE books which are to be noticed briefly in this article are of a miscellaneous character, and do not lend themselves to any system of grouping. The place of chief importance must be assigned to Dr. Allen's "Christian Institutions." It forms a volume in the International Theological Library, and the name of the author is in itself a sufficient guarantee of the scholarship and the breadth of view it displays. The subject is divided into three main sections. Book I.: The Organisation of the Church; Book II.: The Catholic Creeds and the Development of Doctrine; Book III.: Christian Worship. This division promises a fairly exhaustive survey of the subject; but we are not surprised to find a certain vagueness of treatment and a fondness for general statements which must inevitably interfere with the usefulness of the book for students, for whom, we suppose, it is primarily intended. There is certainly great fascination in a method which exhibits historical movements as part of a great intellectual process, but the philosophical historian should have the antiquarian constantly at his elbow to remind him that facts must not be sacrificed to the symmetry of a theory. This is just where Dr. Allen's danger lies. He is too much of a philosopher and too little of an antiquarian. He delights in contrasts and great opposing forces. When he has found a suggestive antithesis he pursues it through long centuries till it ceases to have any meaning. His pages are full of the opposition between the East and the West, the presbyter and the bishop, the individualism of the monastery and the corporate life of the Episcopal Church. These all have their value, but they lead him into such strange statements as the following: "Rome did nothing for theology," and to a treatment of the whole subject of monasticism which is distinctly one-sided. He sees in the presbyter of the primitive Church the representative of the individual ideal, the inspired teacher, while the bishop is the administrator of the common affairs of the Church, the representative of corporate unity. This initial divergence of function and ideal is then followed through the whole of the Middle Ages till it declares itself at the time of the Reformation, the Reformed Churches representing monasticism and the presbyterate, the Catholic Church remaining faithful to the episcopate. Dr. Allen even hazards the fol-

lowing remarkable suggestion:—"It is not without significance to find that in those countries which had been Christianised before the monasteries arose, such as Italy, France, and Spain, the Reformation of the sixteenth century was not demanded; they adhered to the Latin Church and to the episcopate which had been a constituent element in its original constitution. But wherever the monks had travelled, especially those from the Irish-Scotch monasteries, with their peculiar apprehension of the religion of Christ, there an influence had been exerted which was never entirely lost. . . . Scotland had from the first a monastic form of Christianity, in which bishops were not prominent, and when the Reformation came it accepted the monastic ideal of the Church. . . . So it was also in the Netherlands, converted by monastic preachers, whose bishops had always been few in number" (p. 261). It will be seen at once how difficult it is to harmonise a theory of this kind with such facts as the alliance of the great monastic orders with the Papacy, the help afforded by the episcopate to growing national ideals, the great Huguenot movement in France or the rigid Catholicism of Ireland. We have felt bound to express our dissent from the ruthlessness with which Dr. Allen presses his theories, and we also regret that there is no attempt to deal with such subjects as Christian education, the growth of the Universities, and the Canon Law, all of which come naturally within his own definition of the word institution as "the outward form or embodiment which the spirit of Christianity assumes." For these, and for a fuller treatment of some of the later developments of the cultus, space might have been found by the omission of the section on Christian doctrine, which has been treated already at much greater length in the same series. In spite, however, of these criticisms we welcome Dr. Allen's book as an interesting and stimulating contribution to the subject. It is always suggestive, and it fills a gap in our theological literature; but we recommend the student to combine its brilliant generalisations with some careful reading of the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

Canon Mason has added a useful life of Cranmer to the series of "Leaders of Religion." No one will question the right of Cranmer to his place in such a series, for if he was lacking in some of the essential qualities of leadership, he, more than any one man, moulded the devotional language of the Prayer-Book, and permanently endowed the Church of England with the attitude of compromise and the Erastian proclivities which still survive all Anglo-Catholic protests. We know that Erastian is a word of ill-omen to many churchmen at the present time. It has almost degenerated into an epithet of abuse. Canon Mason speaks of it as an unpleasant word to use of Cranmer. He would evidently like to save his hero from such a reproach: but he is too good an historian to attempt so impossible a task. From first to last Cranmer upheld the union of Church and State, and favoured a certain deference to kingly authority in spiritual matters, and for good or ill he has encouraged a large number of his countrymen down to our own day to do the same. This seems to us to define his position as an ecclesiastic. There is not

\* "Christian Institutions." By A. V. G. Allen, D.D. T. and T. Clark. 12s.

"Thomas Cranmer." By A. J. Mason, D.D. "Leaders of Religion Series." Methuen. 3s. 6d.

"Religious Pamphlets." Selected and arranged by Percy Dearmer, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 6s.

"The Empire and the Papacy." By T. F. Tout, M.A. Rivingtons. 7s. 6d.

"The History of Early Christianity." By Leighton Pullan, M.A. Service and Paton. 3s. 6d.

"The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Translated by T. W. Arnold. "The Temple Classics." J. M. Dent. 1s. 6d.



much fascination or spiritual heroism about it; but it is just its soberness and its political expediency which makes it so typical of a great deal of English religion. If anybody could teach us to feel any enthusiasm for Cranmer, we think Canon Mason might have succeeded. His book is well written. His account of the character of the Archbishop is a clear and consistent one. He has a real liking for the man who gave us the restrained and beautiful language of the Prayer-Book, and much sympathy for the great difficulties of his position. Above all, on the thorny subject of the English Reformation he is conspicuously fair. Unlike some recent writers, whom we could name, he is an historian and not an advocate.

In his "Religious Pamphlets" Mr. Percy Dearmer has given us a delightful book. Here, in a well-printed volume, we have a selection of carefully chosen examples from our religious pamphleteers from Wiclif to Newman. It includes "The Monstrous Regiment of Women" by John Knox, selections from the Martin Marprelate Tracts, Baxter's "One Sheet for the Ministry," Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," Swift on "The Abolishing of Christianity," one of Sydney Smith's letters on "Catholic Emancipation," and many others. To each tract is prefixed a short prefatory note giving an outline of the circumstances in which it was written, and Mr. Dearmer has given an introduction to the whole subject of admirable breadth and clearness. "The value to us," he says, "of pamphlets is that they give the spirit of the movements they proclaim just as it really was; not refined for the expert, nor yet scamped for the news-vendor, but condensed so as to win the general approval, or acidified so as to bite their way into the brazen conscience, which is the hope and the despair of the reformer. Thus, in the pamphlet, we can read the populace." We trust that in the crowd of reprints this volume will not be overlooked. It is a book to be valued by all who wish to understand the great religious controversies of the past, to weigh the human passions that were engaged, to catch the actual temper of the time.

We cannot in this place go into any detailed criticism of Prof. Tout's masterly contribution to the "Periods of European History." It comprises the period 918-1273, the age of revived intellectual activity, of the great monastic movements, of the Crusades, of the rise of the Universities and the Friars, of the Heresies and the Inquisition. All these are dealt with lucidly and with fulness of knowledge. Even on some of the by-paths of mediæval ecclesiastical history he has ample resources. The book suffers from necessary compression, not in lucidity, but in attractiveness to the reader. We should like to see Professor Tout dealing with the same period on a larger canvas, untrammelled by the limitations of a series. As it is, it is the best text-book that we know on the subject, and we shall do it the compliment of placing it on our shelves by the side of Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire."

The descent from work like that of Professor Tout to Mr. Leighton Pullan is grievous indeed. His little book on "The History of Early Christianity" is marked by all the worst vices of controversial writing. The only thing we can admire in it is the *naïveté*, which supposes that it can convince anybody by methods such as

these that Anglican orthodoxy is the faith once for all preached by the Apostles. He is not without knowledge, but he has no sense of proportion, and makes the most amazing statements with a light heart. He sets out with the avowed intention of proving that orthodox Christianity is primitive Christianity, by which he seems to mean that all the New Testament writers agree with the special opinions of Mr. Pullan. One of his favourite controversial methods is to abuse the intellectual short-comings of great men who have reached conclusions different from his own. Here are a few specimens of his rhetoric:—"So the teaching which had been expounded at Tübingen was interpreted at Leyden, and appeared in the palpitating Parisian (!) of Renan and Réville; it influenced the scholarship of Davidson, and the deceptive lucidity of Jowett. It became part of the stock-in-trade of the amateur theologian" (p. 69). "The general drift of modern Rationalism has been to accuse this writer (*i.e.*, the author of the Fourth Gospel) of the mixture of limpid spirituality and clever roguery which Renan attributes to Christ. Verily, they have treated the disciple as they have treated the Master" (p. 77). "Professor Harnack, who has neither the lucid frivolity of M. Renan, nor the theological barbarism of Professor Huxley, has not been able to escape from the same historical inaccuracies" (p. 205). This is not criticism, and we are sure it is not clever writing. It is simply the graceless manners of the *amateur* theologian, of whom Mr. Pullan professes to have such a wholesome dread. Let him give heed thereto and mend his ways. The day for such weapons has gone by among all reasonable men.

Let us bring this article to a close by recommending our readers to buy, to read, and to treasure the translation of the *Fioretti* ("The Little Flowers of St. Francis"), by T. W. Arnold, recently published in "The Temple Classics." It is one of the most charming books of the Middle Ages, full of freshness and childlike simplicity, as beautiful and as naive as a fresco by Giotto. He who finds it dull may be sure of one thing—that it is not the artless faith and the tender pieties of St. Francis and his followers which are at fault. W. H. DRUMMOND.

#### "FOR EVER AND EVER."\*

THE author of "For Ever and Ever" is plainly a student of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and I hope I do not do him an injustice in thinking he has taken "Literature and Dogma" for his model. His aim is to get beneath the surface and find out what the Hebrew and Greek writers in the Old and New Testaments meant by the words which are frequently translated, *For ever*, and *ever and ever*, and *eternal and everlasting*. Mr. Vowles comes to the conclusion that these words are not primarily words signifying "duration"—either limited or unlimited; though duration is frequently a necessary consequence of the qualities indicated. This runs so counter to nearly all received opinion that prejudice may in some cases prevent this book meeting with the attention and consideration it justly deserves. Mr. Vowles pursues so thoroughly scientific a method in his

philological investigation, and marshals such an array of evidence against the received translations, that even those who may not accept his conclusions must confess that he has not come to them without considerable justification. A hasty reader might infer that the writer's chief object was to throw discredit upon the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and to justify the doctrine of Universal Restoration; but though this may be inferred from our author's interpretation of Scripture, it is not the primary object of this study. As I take it, Mr. Vowles' aim is to try to present the idea of religion which he believes was that of the writers of the Old and New Testaments, with which the conception of everlastingness had not necessarily anything to do.

It is impossible in a brief notice to follow the whole of Mr. Vowles' arguments and proofs, as they are numerous and cumulative, and though isolated examples will show his aim and method they cannot convey the effect of the cumulative evidence.

Mr. Vowles modestly disclaims any pretension to an accurate acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek, but he evidently knows more than he professes to do.

To come straight to the point, the words with which Mr. Vowles deals are practically only three: in Hebrew *ad olam*, and in Greek *aiôn*. Mr. Vowles only uses English characters, and I am therefore obliged to follow his example. There are two propositions which govern Mr. Vowles' interpretation: the first is that "no Hebrew character, or group of characters, had originally more than one meaning, and that two Hebrew words were never used to express the same idea"—admitting, at the same time, the rule may have exceptions, but apparently he has not come across them. The other proposition is that though the Apostolic writers wrote in Greek they thought in Hebrew, and that therefore fully to appreciate the significance of *aiôn* and its derivatives, it is first necessary to make a comprehensive study of *olam*. Now, according to his first canon the group of Hebrew characters represented by *olam* always meant the same thing. We find it translated as hidden, secret, ancient, old, everlasting, and so on. Mr. Vowles concludes it always meant some kind of Fixity or Certainty, and the light this interpretation throws upon many passages is so striking as to be all but convincing. A quotation will, perhaps, best show our author's meaning as well as exhibit a specimen of his admirable and "Arnoldian" style.

"Two other instances of *olam's* use will serve to put us on the track of the true import of the word:—

"I went down to the bottoms of the mountains, the earth with her bars was about me *olam* (for ever)."—Jonah ii. 6.

"I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be *olam* (for ever): nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it."—Eccles. ii. 14.

"Now, as anybody can see, Jonah could not say the earth-bars were about him for ever! He was not there long enough to know. And the writer of Ecclesiastes could not say, being the wise man he was, that everything God doeth is for ever; facts would contradict him. What did they say? The later author defines his meaning. According to him *olam* is a fixed thing, unalterable by addition or subtraction; so, among other things, the

\* "For Ever and Ever," a popular study in Hebrew, Greek and English words. By Henry H. Vowles. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1898.



moon is *olam*; man can put nothing to it, nor can he take anything from it. And Jonah declares the earth-bars were about him to a certainty; it was a fact, unexaggerated and irreducible. And glancing back for a moment, this is what was really stated about Canaan, the priesthood, and David's throne. They were to be for certain, as we say; they were Fixities, sure to be. But as to how long they were to continue so, *olam* has nothing whatever to tell us."

Starting from the idea of Fixity we are led to the ideas of Stability, Certainty, and, in some cases, to those of Inviolability and Inevitableness. And these suggestions throw light upon the word when applied to God: 'Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the *olam* (everlasting) God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?'—Isaiah xl. 28.

"The Revisers, in their margin, suggest the Lord is an everlasting God as an alternative to the reading of the older version. Isaiah wrote, Jehovah is an *olam* God. And I think these words require no less a sense than that of Inviolable Supremacy. And, indeed, the whole of the immortal fortieth chapter is nothing less than a picture of Jehovah's inviolable supremacy, or, to use other words having the same meaning, His absolute indefectibility. The skill and resource with which Isaiah marshals things and events, and wants and difficulties, as possibly militating against the supremacy of Jehovah in human thought, is one of the most marvellous achievements even in Hebrew literature. But it is his argument with which we are concerned here; and that is that Jehovah is an *olam* God."

"In this, almost the only place where the epithet Everlasting is fitting, how poor a word really it is seen to be! Almost any god, and, for the matter of that, almost anything, might conceivably be thought of as everlasting. The word, when we scrutinise it, has little or nothing to tell us of character, nothing whatever of mind or capacity, or heart or purpose. But the word of the Prophet, *olam*, tells us all! To say Jehovah is the *olam*, Supreme, is revelation indeed!"

It may make our author's meaning a little clearer if I quote another passage also referring to the use of *olam* by Isaiah. "In the Lord Jehovah is rock *olam* (everlasting strength)."

"What, let us ask, is rock *olam*? After all our study we shall conclude it can be nothing less than rock inviolable; that is to say, rock which cannot be removed or shattered, or broken, or crumbled or corroded. Rock it must be that is invulnerable to everything that can be thought of as ordinarily destructive of its nature. So, light *olam* is light that cannot be dimmed, or eclipsed, or extinguished, or even outshone. Do we recognise the full bearing of this upon the Divine mercy? There are forces antagonistic to mercy and ordinarily destructive of it, such as wilful and reiterated wrong-doing, base ingratitude, cruel rebellion, and black treachery; but the mercy of Jehovah is *olam*, it is absolutely inviolable! This is what the Israelite meant by his chant, familiar to us in the form of 'His mercy endureth for ever.'"

Mr. Vowles' second proposition is that the New Testament writers use *aion* as the equivalent of *olam*, and that the translators and revisers have plunged into

inextricable confusion in refusing to see in *aion*, &c., any meaning but that of duration, and especially in their determination to make "eternal" do duty for *aionios* wherever possible. One example with our author's comment will perhaps be sufficient. "The revelation of the mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal."—Rom. xvi. 25. "Which God, who cannot lie, promised before times eternal."—Titus i. 2. (R.V.)

"Now, any reader who is on the lookout for information, properly so-called, will abruptly refuse to hearken to any such phrase as Times Eternal. And no wonder, for the adjective, instead of qualifying the substantive, actually contradicts it. The noun speaks of time, the adjective of eternity. And, indeed, we have only to define the terms to see that the words make nothing but nonsense. For time is limited duration, while eternity is duration without end. So that St. Paul, when the matter is scrutinised, is represented as saying, the mystery which hath been kept in silence through never-ending periods of limited duration. St. Peter says his beloved brother St. Paul in his epistles wrote some things hard to be understood; but we may be sure he never wrote anything like Times Eternal."

The A.V. has "before the world began"; but the Improved Version made the best shot at the meaning in rendering *chronon aionion* "ancient dispensations," though this is not a translation. The fixed times, as Mr. Vowles would say, being the period from Moses to Christ. The promise was made to Abraham before the law was given to Moses.

The reader will be prepared to find that Mr. Vowles does not accept the translation Eternal Life and Eternal Punishment as representing the meaning of Jesus, but I can only glance at his interpretation, bearing in mind that *aionios* represents *olam*, and *olam* means fixity, certainty, inevitableness, &c. But first, we are reminded that life is a figurative expression—as Moses said, "I set before you life and death"—and *aionion* life has been called life indeed. Life, says Mr. Vowles, means a condition of well-being, as death means an evil condition. *Aionion* life is certain, inevitable, inviolable well-being.

"In that other parable of sheep and goats some go into life eternal. The 'sheep' have been kind to the poor; they have fed the hungry and clothed the naked. They are surprised to find that in doing this they have ministered to the necessities of the King, and that they share his glory. And no doubt many who live to do good are not fully aware of the heights to which they rise; they do not know that they have eternal life. But one thing they do know, or come to know as the years pass on, they have a source of happiness more full and unailing than anything else they have known, a memory which always smiles, and a strength for the future which is as though the 'Well done' had come across the gulf to meet them. Every good action, wrought from worthy motives and at cost to self, is a breath of life eternal, of indefectible well-being. This is demonstrable. So also is what our version calls everlasting punishment." From which it may be gathered that Mr. Vowles does not think Christ ever threatened sinners with eternal torment; but that selfishness and sin are inevitably followed by evil consequences is demonstrable, and that is all that Christ

said, the duration of these consequences must be determined by other considerations; and upon other considerations into which I need not enter, Mr. Vowles, I think I may say, indulges in the hope of universal restoration. But what he is chiefly concerned about is that the Bible teaches us of things that can be demonstrated. If revelation is to serve any useful purpose it is to bring something into knowledge, and it tells us that God is the Certainty of certainties; that His mercy is inviolable, His love indefectible; that the results of good or evil actions are inevitable, and so on. These are statements which can be put to the test. On the other side:—

"And in the Athanasian Creed, which is to be said or sung on Christmas Day and other festivals, we have this, among other things, Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. The only remark one feels called upon to make about this quotation is that 'without doubt' it is a statement incapable of proof."

There are many passages which I should like to quote. I must content myself with one more which displays the sympathy of the writer and is at the same time a good example of his lucidity.

"Whenever I read or think of the annihilation theory, a vision appears to me, far away in the future Universe of man, of some kind of heaven, not very large, and not very thickly populated, and not very cheerful; while all the rest of that Universe is one vast sepulchre, on which I can see no epitaph except 'The Failure of the Almighty God.'"

Unpretentious as this book is, I do not hesitate to say that it deserves the attention of scholars, while as a popular presentation of some great religious truths which are too much in danger of being overlooked it deserves to obtain a wide circulation.

WALTER LLOYD.

#### THE LORD'S SUPPER.\*

THE little book on "Christ in the Daily Meal," by Dr. Norman Fox, a distinguished Baptist minister in America, is of interest in two or three ways. It contains a clear and largely convincing argument that the Christian Church, as a whole, has misinterpreted "The Lord's Supper," inasmuch as it was never intended by Jesus to become a separate ordinance. One disciple eating his daily bread by himself may "do this in remembrance," "just as truly as when he goes to the house of God with the multitude to keep holy-day." Dr. Fox says (pp. 61, 62) "The command to them (*i.e.*, the disciples) to eat and drink in remembrance of the Master was not necessarily a command for a separate meal. That they should fully and completely carry out the injunction, all that was required was that they should eat their daily bread in memory of Christ, the bread of heaven, and make their daily cup a reminder of the blood of Christ, of which that wine was an image." The author discusses Apostolic precedent, and gives a good deal of attention to 1 Cor. x. and xi., and the light thrown therein on the customs of the early Church; and says, "It was not ill-chosen forms, but an unchristly spirit, which aroused the

\* "Christ in the Daily Meal." By Norman Fox D.D. James Clarke and Co. Price 3s.



Apostle's indignation. The Corinthians ate and drank unworthily, not in having a liberal repast but in neglecting to share it with their poorer brethren." An historical review of different conceptions of the Eucharist follows; and then the writer, from whom—considering what has gone before—we might have expected a plea for the abolition of the Communion Service, urges that the "practical outcome" of his doctrine is not a suggestion "that the church meal be less honoured, but only that the home meal, also, be made sacred. There is no wish nor willingness to degrade the church ceremonial, but only to lift up the daily repast to an equal sacredness, to secure that the blessed thoughts which characterise the former shall pervade the latter also" (p. 117).

The short chapter (xiii.) headed "Practical," is particularly worth reading. Later on, Dr. Fox defends "the Church Supper," on the sensible ground that "the Apostolic Churches never set one to do every single thing which could possibly be profitable in any congregation in all the future ages. If, therefore, the modern church meal is found to be edifying"—as, let it be said, many of us still find it to be—"it may properly be continued even without exact Scripture precedent." Incidentally, our author breaks a lance with "the Baptist 'logic of close communion,'" and similar sectarian exclusiveness. His book is an honest attempt to read Scripture intelligently and without bias, and as, further, it makes for personal piety and general largeness of sympathy we commend it to our readers' notice.

DENDY AGATE.

#### FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

VISIONS of delight from many countries come to us at this season of the year, and many enticements to be on the wing—or the wheel. Queenborough-Flushing, and Harwich and the Hook are so easy, and cycling in the north of Holland is said to be particularly pleasant. The roads are excellent, and everybody cycles, while the country is by no means a dead level. The Great Eastern Railway's *Tourist Guide to the Continent* (6d.) (they prefer that you should travel by the Hook), is full of charming pictures of Dutch towns, of Hanover, Hildesheim and the Harz, and of South Germany and the Rhine, even of Norway and the Tyrol, which do not seem so very far away, and there are useful maps, as well as all the other alluring information.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. also have an illustrated guide (1s.) to Belgium, the Ardennes, and Holland; but there is another guide of theirs inviting us to be content with a shorter flight, which has attracted our special attention because it has been prepared by the Rev. Harold Rylett. During his ministry at Moneyrea Mr. Rylett had opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the country between Belfast and Dublin, and he has proved himself well fitted to produce the illustrated official guide to Greenore, Carlingford Lough, and Mourne Mountains and the Boyne Valley. The guide (Ward, Lock and Co. 1s.) is issued by authority of the L. and N.W. Ry., and the G.N. Ry. of Ireland, and both by its pictures and its pleasant descriptions makes it clear that Carlingford Lough is the centre of a

very beautiful country, rich also in a variety of interest for visitors. "If such a bay," Thackeray once said, "were lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder, or if on the Mediterranean or Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds." Holyhead to Greenore is the orthodox route, from the Company's point of view, but there are other ways, and any way is worth taking that leads to Rostrevor and Warrenpoint. Beyond Newry, at the head of the Lough, is Bessbrook, the Saltaire of Ireland, founded by the Richardsons, a family of Friends, who are mainly concerned in the Bessbrook Spinning Co. The granite quarries have provided stone for many public buildings in England, the Law Courts among the rest. In Bessbrook the local veto has prevailed, and the only hotel in the village is conducted on temperance principles.

#### THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

##### OUR LAKE-LAND HOLIDAY.—III.

GET ready! Get ready! We start in five minutes for a little mountain trip. Don't be afraid, there are no avalanches or crevasses for us to encounter; indeed, with care, I think even the little ones may come with us and make the ascent. You will guess from this that our mountain is neither very high nor very difficult to climb, and, indeed, I am pretty sure we ought to call it a hill, and not a mountain at all. But Wansfell, for that is the name of it, gives such a wonderfully beautiful and extensive view to those who trudge up its 1,700 feet, that it deserves our best and most respectful attention. I do not think there is any spot in Lake-land that excels Wansfell as a "look out," if you take everything into consideration. But come along, children! See for yourselves! That will be so very much nicer and better than listening to my opinions.

What a steep, stony lane to begin with! But I see you are all marching cheerfully up it, and making light of the steep, rough path. That is the way, boys and girls; and that is the way, too, to tackle the hills and rough places we all meet in every-day life. Why, a brave heart and a cheery spirit will help you up better than anything, and the example of your success will help other boys and girls, who are perhaps not quite so strong, as you, or, may be, have more troubles and difficulties to bear than you.

There! I thought so! You have just gone on, patiently and cheerfully plodding! And see, you have already a reward, for though the path is still steep, it is now smooth and grassy, and even now the view is fine, and makes us eager to gain the highest peak.

A couple of big birds flit out of an ash tree, and their size, their black and white plumage, very long tail, and slow, deliberate flight mark them as magpies. If you will say "chack-a-chack" quickly, you will have a fair imitation of their ordinary note. Last year I had in my possession a young magpie, and very interesting it was for a time. It soon got to know me, and would come hop, hop, hopping after me in the garden, and occasionally into the house, but this latter meant disgrace for both of us, so I had to chase her out. Oh! dear, how hard and how often I had to dig to get enough worms to satisfy that bird, her appetite was so enormous. She once

swallowed whole a fish so large that I was sure it would choke her; but no, she was merely thoughtful for a time, and was soon a hungry little magpie again. At the last she became so troublesome that, "as a great favour," I gave her away to some friends. Here she stole so many little articles—such as scissors, pencil-cases, and the like, that she became a nuisance, for if a room window was left open there was always a prospect of mag popping in and picking up any shining little thing that took her fancy, and hiding it somewhere in the garden. Finally fate stepped in, and mag "stepped in" also, but in her case the "stepping" was in connection with a well, for she was found drowned therein.

Our talk has done us one good turn, however, for we are nearing the top of Wansfell now. Press on, children; there is only the bit of steep ascent now through that gate in the wall, and here is the summit, and oh! what a glorious view we have.

Grand hills rear their heads in every direction, as entranced with the beauty we turn and take in the scene from all points. Below us and to our left we see almost the whole length of Windermere, dimpled with wavelets near to, shining like silver in its distances. It is studded with islands and flecked with the white sails of yachts; its margins are green meadows or tree-clad slopes. Now turn a little, and almost directly in front we see two other lakes, not large like Windermere, but who, seeing Rydal Water or Grasmere, lying like jewels in a beautiful setting, would wish to alter a single feature? We see the Rivers Brathay and Rothay shining in their valleys, we see the long steep road to Kirkstone Pass, with the mighty mass of Red Scares mounting guard over the defile. Away to the south we catch a glimpse of Morecambe Bay, with yellow sands and glinting water, whilst another turn eastwards gives a view of rolling hill and dale, ending with some dim blue mountain masses that must be over the Yorkshire border.

Feast your eyes, children, on the wonders and beauties that are spread before you, and then, after a lingering farewell glance, we will descend the gentle slope, through moss, rushes, and long grass.

Some little feet are a wee bit tired before our cottage comes in sight; but every face is smiling and every eye bright, and such a clatter of tongues and such merry laughter is going on that it does one good to hear. Thank you, my dear children, for your company, and get ready to-morrow for a real, rough, long scramble over hill and valley, by beck and tarn, out all day, out in the open air.

H. V. C.

IN November next a bazaar is to be held in Birmingham in aid of the Building Fund of the new church at Small Heath. We hear there is to be a Dolls' Wardrobe Stall, and children who are fond of dolls are asked whether they would not like to help by sending things for the stall. Anyone who wishes to know more about it may write to Miss Dowsing, 7, Duchess-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

LITERARY dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and as heart-hardening as mere sense.—*Guesses at Truth.*



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LONDON, AUGUST 6, 1898.

## BISMARCK.

THE man who proved himself the strongest in the counsels of modern Europe, the greatest figure on the stage of the latter half of this century, has paid the debt of Nature. His task as the first diplomatist of his day was finished some few years ago; indeed, his greatest achievement—the creation of the new Empire of Germany, may be said to have been accomplished a generation ago, and his subsequent career as Chancellor of the Empire, especially in matters of home policy, was not an unmixed triumph; and yet his remained to the last the strongest personality in Europe.

BISMARCK was born in the year of the final downfall of NAPOLEON, and these two figures, following one another on the great stage of European history, stand alone in the impression they leave of massive strength, indomitable will, and a masterful wielding of tremendous forces, determining the destiny of nations. But perhaps we do a wrong to BISMARCK in coupling these two names together. His was not the ruthless and insatiable personal ambition of NAPOLEON. Ambition, doubtless, he had, and love of power, the overbearing insistence of one who well knew his own superiority; and yet he was a true patriot. He worked for his nation and desired always its good; that was his great object, and not personal aggrandisement.

When BISMARCK was born the German people had thrown off the humiliating yoke of the conqueror, and the fire of an ideal patriotism burned in many breasts. But there was no political unity, and no sense of a common purpose and a common destiny

in the whole country, such as there must be in a great nation. BISMARCK grew up amid the later revolutionary time, and in 1847 entered into political life. The King of PRUSSIA very speedily recognised the value of his services, and it is hardly too much to say that for nearly thirty years he was the man who ruled in Germany. One purpose he had set before himself. His people must be united, and become once more a great nation, and this, it was clear to him, could be accomplished only through the dominant strength of his own Prussia. With marvellous skill and patience, with the watchfulness and foresight of a master-mind, and, it must be added, with utter remorselessness towards all other interests and rights, with "blood and iron", he worked out that purpose and accomplished that destiny. He had magnificent instruments ready to his hand—the Prussian army, perfected by his insistence in spite of popular opposition, and to wield it, the genius of MOLTKE; and, later, in the struggle with France, the army of a united German people. Many hands were joined in those great efforts, and, finally, the hearts of a whole people; but his was the master-hand that guided all to the predetermined end.

BISMARCK accomplished his purpose. He gave to his people and to his Emperor a commanding place among the nations of Europe. But it was at a great price, and the good and evil of it cannot yet by us be clearly judged. The crushing armaments of Europe are fast becoming an intolerable burden, and unless the wisdom of a better humanity prevails, growing misery and dire calamity must inevitably follow. Political unity paves the way for progress in all the higher interests of life and a growing prosperity. But if it has to be maintained, internally and in the face of hostile nations, by a military despotism, it would prove to be bought at too great a price. "Blood and iron" may save a nation in a political crisis, and win for it a great opportunity, but something more is needed to secure lasting happiness and true greatness. Germany is now, as never before in the history of Europe, in possession of immense power, and therefore in a corresponding degree is entrusted with an immense responsibility. BISMARCK has left it to others to prove how far she is capable of working out the higher destiny, to which, through the achievements of the past, she is called.

At the moment of the passing of this masterful spirit our thoughts inevitably turn to that other statesman, who, though five years older than BISMARCK, was yet survived by him only a few weeks. The difference of the feeling with which we hear of this latter death marks in a striking manner the contrast between the two men. It is perhaps a greater political career that is now brought to a close, but who will say that it is a greater man that has passed? With gratitude and fervent

admiration Germany will commemorate her splendid son, and our tribute of admiration will be added to hers. But of GLADSTONE we think with reverence, and recognise in him a nobler allegiance to that righteousness which alone can ultimately exalt a nation. And it is not because he belonged to our own people that we have for GLADSTONE this different and deeper feeling. It was in other hearts besides our own, in other nations where the helper of the oppressed, the upholder of justice, liberty, and humanity, had made his power felt. BISMARCK had a rooted distrust of popular institutions; he believed in the "divine right" of kings, and a repressive government by force. But a nation is great when it is the people's will that prevails and is strong through obedience to the inward law of right. That was GLADSTONE's faith. And as now we pray that our people may learn to be more true to his ideal of manhood, and England may not prove unworthy of her high destiny among the nations of the earth, so for our near kindred we may have an earnest sympathy and a like desire, that the future of Germany may be secured in a growing liberty and the beneficent strength of a noble Christian manhood.

## BY THE WAYSIDE.

MARTIN LUTHER once said—referring to the opinion of Pythagoras that the movements of the stars make a beautiful concert and harmony, according with each other, but that men, through constant use, are now weary of this—"it is indeed so with us. We have so many beautiful creatures around us, that we heed them not for their abundance." It was his wont, however, to attribute this our dullness not so much to the familiarity and abundance of them as to our lapse with Adam from ability to note and enjoy them. "Ah! if Adam had not sinned," he would exclaim, "how man would have recognised God in all creatures; would have praised and loved Him, so that even in the smallest flower he would have seen and contemplated God's Almightiness, wisdom, and goodness! For, truly, who can think to the bottom of this: how of so fair colours and sweet perfume, such as no painter and no apothecary can rival, from the common ground God is ever bringing forth flowers, golden, crimson, blue, brown and of all colours. All this Adam and his like would have turned to God's glory, using all the creatures with thanksgiving. But we misuse them senselessly, just as a cow or any unreasonable animal tramples the choicest and fairest flowers and lilies beneath its feet. If Adam had not fallen, all the creatures had seemed such to us that every tree and every blade of grass had been better and nobler than if wrought of gold; for in the true nature of things, if we will rightly consider, every green tree is far more glorious than if it were made of gold or silver." It was Luther, too, who said, and he must have been rambling with Nature and not with the theologians when he said it, that "the whole world is full of miracles, but our eyes must be pure, lest, because they are so every-day and common, to us they become dim—yet we



seek to climb above ourselves and to speculate about the high majesty of God, when we do not understand what is happening every day around us." Well, there must have been a good deal of the Unfallen Adam about a man for whom Nature had so living and deep and religious an interest, and so soon as men begin to perceive the miraculous nature of all things, so soon as the brown lanes and the green and yellow fields, trees, leaves and flowers, seas, streams and lakes are better and diviner for them as they are than if they were of pearl and gold, of crystal and glass, so soon is the Fall of Adam beginning to be retrieved, and a man's soul redeemed from the effects of that Fall, or what Luther and we practically mean by that Fall, *i.e.*, the lost capacity for understanding and enjoying the meanest flower that blows, the lost vision which such a flower might open to our inmost sight, rousing thoughts of wonder, love and gratitude "too deep for tears." But Luther felt and knew as we all sometimes feel and know that, as Wordsworth expresses it:—

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid  
boon!

We are apt to judge things as they are profitable to us from the market point of view alone. I was once walking down a lovely Irish lane, and overtook a Presbyterian country minister whom I knew, and pointing to a pretty wild flower, asked him what he called it in that country. He said, with a humorous light in his eye, "We call that a weed in these parts." Well, no doubt on the other side of the hedge amongst corn or other crops it was a weed, but something precious is lost in us when it is a weed still in the lane, just as I suppose rest is the weed of idleness when we have returned from holidays to our various fields of labour, whereas it ranks amongst inspiring, even medicinal things when found in the lanes and meadows or by the sounding beach, or wherever we may lie in the sun absorbing light, air, strength, delight at every pore. But my friend the Presbyterian minister reminded me, with another of his humorous remarks, that the familiar thing is generally the thing we do not really know, and for the strange reason that it is always with us. Is that, I wonder, why the poor are so little understood? Because they are always with us? But I was saying to him that there were some strange and rare things to be seen on the little rock castle (formerly a robber castle, now in ruins, and standing out in the sea) that gives its name to the district, and I asked him if he had seen them or been there: it was within a stone's throw or so from his manse. "No," he said, with a twinkle, "you see I live here," implying, of course, that he might go at any time and see these things. Yes, we live here in this great world, surrounded, as Luther says, by miracles, and we answer similarly the luring divine voice in a careless way, "We live here," "we are familiar with all these things, and may look into them to understand them or explore their treasures any time." "It is, indeed, so with us," as Luther says, "we have so many beautiful creatures around us that we heed them not for their abundance." The music of

the spheres of these earthly stars cease to penetrate the dull, heavy, unlistening ear. "Speak to the earth," says Job, "and it shall teach thee." But as more and more of the world, and the rush and strife and struggle of it intervenes between us and the simpler ways and trusts and affections of our childhood we cease to speak to the earth, and largely lose the language it understands and lose the language we understood. And we should probably do so entirely were it not that instinct, and sometimes doctors with counsel weighty with the mighty voice of Hebrew sanctity and wisdom, lead men to institute periodic rest as an element of true life, and true sanity and true sanctity. That soul must be barren indeed that cannot offer some little chink or crevice and some grains of fitting soil, blown from the dusty, busy highways of life, for some of the seeds of grace that by one means or another find their way wherever the least invitation is held out to them. Let them be but once received with however little soil, then the kindly dews of heaven do the rest, and soon that rugged, barren soul is adorned, where there seemed no chance for any growth, no footing for any beautiful thing. That is one of the strains of music one may sometimes faintly catch, that the divine spirit "observes," as Ecclesiasticus puts it, "the opportunity," every opportunity, and some seed, a thought, an inspiration is silently dropped here and there, and takes root and comes to flower. Emerson gathering flowers in the country whilst harvest was being gathered in, addresses the harvesters thus,—

Hide me not, laborious band,  
For the idle flowers I brought;  
Every aster in my hand  
Goes home laden with a thought.

One harvest from your field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong;  
A second crop your acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song.

In the country, with the mind given up absolutely to rest, we regain just a little of the Unfallen Adam, our eyes are less bleared, our ears less dull, and every cloud and breeze and flower and sound tells us that God made the country, and a strain or two of the music of the spheres falls upon our ears: every glimpse of the ever-changing landscape and seascape, as every wild flower in our hand goes home laden with some thought. Even the partition walls and hostile hedgerows men set up are touched and adorned, we notice, by the hand that paints the infinite spaces with ineffable blue and the undulating hills with living green. We look at our neighbours' partition walls and hedgerows, and impassable though the barriers often be, there we see trailing graces and happy friendly virtues, and even the hardest and most angular stone walls are softened down and mellowed and covered with golden or silvery stoneweed, whose grace is that of enchantment. Nay, that very stoneweed is a marvellous parable in itself, showing us that even under the most barren conditions, with a few grains of the dust blown from the wayside, the loveliest thing may thrive. It seems to live, indeed, by the dews and influences of the air and heavens, and holds to its barren seat with very loose hold, as if it were but lent as an ornament, just as we sometimes find the friendliest overtures and acts of kindness from men who seem separated (and nominally are) as by rocky walls from us.

The ugliest things about Churches, their hedgerows and stony partition walls, yield some of the most comely graces. Yes, there was something bare, staring, hostile, ugly about these boundary lines till God's finger touched them, and then these things slept, and over the boundaries trailed the white and red roses in their holy beauty, and from every chink and cranny a lovely floweret or fern, more delicate than any lace, proclaims that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." E. L. H. THOMAS.

#### NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I  
come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its  
call,  
The birds know when the friend they love  
is nigh,  
For I am known to them both great and  
small;  
The flowers that on the lonely hill-side  
grow  
Expect me there when Spring their  
bloom has given;  
And many a tree and bush my wanderings  
know,  
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of  
heaven;  
For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;  
His ear shall catch each sound with new  
delight,  
Each object wear the dress which then  
it wore;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips, that all is good.  
—JONES VERY.

#### THE ROMANCE OF THE NEW DUTCH TRANSLATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY PHILIP H.  
WICKSTEED.

THE closing month of 1897 was marked by a great event—great at least to some of us. It was the publication of the first number of the new Dutch translation of the Old Testament, the title-page of which bore the names of Kuenen, Hooykaas, Kosters, and Oort. It was more than thirteen years since the project of this translation had taken shape. Isaak Hooykaas was its father; and like everything begotten by him, it was the child of a deep spiritual passion. Hooykaas was the most consistent idealist that I have ever met. The life of the spirit was the one supreme reality to him; spiritual experiences the supreme facts; ideals the only truths. I have heard him passionately denounce the contemptible error of confounding the "wretched material reality" with truth and fact. His whole religious philosophy was built on these lines. He knew of no source of knowledge of God save the life of the spirit. "God in history" was to him sometimes a blasphemous, sometimes a nonsensical expression. Of God in Nature he knew nothing. God in the soul was the eternal and ever-present reality. All intellectual proofs of religion he regarded with contempt. Intellectual ordogmatic differences, indeed, he would not allow to be religious differences in any shape or form. And, like other idealists, Hooykaas often seemed to be strangely ignorant of the conditions of the world in which he lived, and yet to



have a still stranger power of forcing himself upon the world, compelling the facts which he ignored to shape themselves to the ideas which were his life, and showing how much wiser than men is the foolishness of God.

He believed, amongst other things, that the Bible had a yet unexhausted message for the world, and that, in spite of all that has been done to illustrate and explain it, it could only be sampled and tasted here and there by the ordinary cultivated reader, lay or clerical. And he was determined that in Holland at least it should be made possible to read it. He was met by all kinds of difficulties and objections. Those who were competent to undertake the task were too deeply engaged and pledged to other work; nor did they, perhaps, in their hearts believe that the Bible, though to them so abundant a source of inspiration, could ever again be really made that direct and potent force in the life of the world which Hooykaas expected. But he overcame all opposition, and at last in 1884 the body of workers was got together, funds were secured and the work was begun.

Who were the workers? And what were their special qualifications? There was Hooykaas himself; and in curious combination with the characteristics already touched upon, was his peculiar character as a scholar and student. In spite of his determination to place the religious life upon a basis independent of intellectual reasoning, his intellectual enthusiasms were almost as intense as his spiritual and moral ones. He had gained such distinction as a student of his native language, that early in his career as a pastor he had been pressed to give himself up to work on the great Dutch dictionary, which his teacher and friend De Vries was editing. He had taken his doctor's degree with an essay on the history of Hebrew wisdom. What he learned he never forgot. His accuracy and conscientiousness, it is true, not seldom degenerated into a scrupulosity which made it difficult for others to work with him, and yet made it almost impossible for him to get forward at any perceptible pace, unless yoked with some less scrupulous fellow-worker. It cumbered his writings with parentheses and qualifications. It made him only half articulate. To many he was to the last a dumb soul. But in intimate conversation this reserve, this paralysing sense of responsibility disappeared. No paradox was too audacious for him as long as it was the utterance of his present conviction. His spiritual impetuosity was no longer impeded by excessive scholarly deliberation, but was fed by all the streams of his knowledge. Then he spoke like one inspired, and even those to whom his theses seemed most perverse intellectually felt that his lips were touched with the living coal, and that virtue went out from him. I have known few men with whom I agreed less or from whom I learned more.

Associated with him was his brother-in-law, Dr. H. Oort, Professor of Hebrew in the Faculty of Letters at Leiden. As is well-known in England, the two brothers had worked together before now. Oort, to use his own expression, holding the lash and Hooykaas drawing the rein. It would be easy to elaborate a telling contrast between these two scholars; but I will content myself with saying that the wild oats which Oort's extraordinary rapidity

and brilliance of mind tempted him to sow, and the reputation of which it took him a very long time to outlive, have, for the most part, grown up after all into a highly creditable crop of recognised grain, both in his own and in other men's garner. At any rate, all his wild oats were long ago sown by this time. The four volumes of the "Bible for Young People," which he wrote between 1871 and 1873, were far ahead of their time. In detail, parts of them are, of course, superseded; but the world has come up to the main positions they defended, and they are perhaps more representative of the scholarship of to-day than of that of a quarter of a century ago. In any case, Oort retained the rapidity and effectiveness of his touch, and had gained the sobriety and balance needful for so great and serious a work as that in which he was now to take his part.

The third associate, Dr. Kusters, I never had the privilege of knowing; and he had at this time written little. His doctoral dissertation on the "Sources of the Deuteronomist's Conception of the History of Israel" had taken its own definite place in the remarkable series of works by which Reuss, Graf, Kuenen, Wellhausen, and others had transformed the conception of the history and religious development of Israel.

There is yet one more name on the title-page—that of Abraham Kuenen. One of Hooykaas' main arguments for undertaking the work at the moment at which it was done was that Kuenen was still living and in full working power. He felt that to allow Kuenen to leave the scene of his activity without having enriched future generations of his countrymen with a Dutch Old Testament that they could read, enjoy, and trust, would involve a loss that nothing could justify. But Kuenen was deeply engaged in other work, and could only so far yield to the pressure put upon him by his friends and pupils as to take a general superintendence and revisory share in the work, leaving the detailed execution to the younger men. It may be noted that it was at his suggestion that Kusters was included in the staff.

And so, on an elaborate scheme, by which each book was to pass through two hands, independently of Kuenen's revision, the work was begun in 1884.

For seven years the little band held together. The first break came with Kuenen's death, in the December of 1891. This was not an unexpected blow. Indeed, the very urgency with which Hooykaas had pressed the commencement of the work was itself an implied anticipation of the probability that Kuenen might not see it completed.

Know ye the Lord hath borne away  
Your master from your head to-day?  
Yea, we know it; yet we raise  
Joyous strains of hope and praise.

The sons of the prophet had learned too much from their master to be daunted in the work which they had undertaken by his death; and it was amongst their number that the man was found to take the chair he had left empty. Kusters was appointed Professor in the Faculty of Theology at Leiden, and took up the Old Testament subjects, which Kuenen had for so long a series of years dealt with there in so masterly a fashion. To succeed Kuenen was, indeed, an ordeal; but Kusters came bravely through it. He was a beloved and successful teacher, and

now that his whole energies were devoted to the work of scholarship he developed the remarkable powers of which his more intimate friends had been previously aware. His studies for the translation of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah led him to a startlingly new conception of the history of the early post-exilic period of Israel, a view which must be regarded as still under debate, but which in any case will very certainly mark an epoch in the study of this portion of Israelite history.

All students of Ezra and Nehemiah must have been impressed by the confusions and repetitions that are found there, and very many adherents of the now current view that Ezra's Book of Law was the "Priestly Codex" must have been puzzled by the constant recurrence of Deuteronomic phrases in the accounts of Nehemiah's reforms, and the want of clear references to distinctive characteristics of the Levitical legislation. Kusters maintains, in brief, that there was no return of captives under Cyrus at all, that the rebuilding of the Temple was the work of the "Remnant" to which Zerubbabel and Joshua belonged, that Nehemiah's first period of activity preceded Ezra's return with the captives, that when Ezra at last joined him they first attempted reforms based on the Deuteronomic legislation recognised by the "Remnant," though somewhat in advance of it; and only when the "Congregation" was definitely formed did they proceed to impose the new Levitical legislation upon it. Whatever may be thought of this reconstruction, it shows an amazing analytical and constructive power, and combines with its extreme boldness a much greater degree of caution and sobriety than might be supposed from this bare statement of results.

But the trio was not to remain long unbroken. Hooykaas had always worked to the very edge of his strength. It will readily be understood, from what has been already said, that work did not come easily to him; and the amount of work he did was prodigious. In the spring of 1893 it became clear that he had not long to live. At the last interviews with his colleagues his mind worked slowly, though as clearly as ever; and they knew that they must complete the work without the help of its originator. He clung to his task to the last moment of his strength. It was his wish to translate a few of the Psalms before he died, and the last pulsings of his waning strength beat for this task. In August, 1893, he died.

For four years more the two remaining scholars, in closest fellowship, for they were both Professors at Leiden, continued and completed the work, except for the last editorial functions, which were naturally of a responsible and onerous nature, although the plan of work pursued by the scholars had reduced them to the absolute minimum. Then at last the first number appeared in December, 1897, with the announcement that the whole would be completed in from thirty-four to thirty-six monthly parts. Before the second part appeared Kusters had died with extreme suddenness, on December 18. Oort issued, with the second number, a few manly words, recording the loss to scholarship, and the irreparable privation to himself, and stating that the work would proceed as planned, and that arrangements had been made to meet the



event of his own death, should it take place before the completion of the work.

There are now eight numbers out. The Hexateuch will soon be completed; and I shall then hope to give some account of the plan and characteristics of the work. Meanwhile, I have tried to sketch the Romance of this Dutch Translation of the Old Testament. Perhaps to some it may seem rather a tragedy; but I think as we grow older the lines between the two fade away, or rather we cease to look upon death and privation as in themselves tragic. Here in the story I have told is victory and not defeat. There is no crushing of the human will by a relentless fate. There is no irony of events. Only the victory is touched with that pathos, the deepening sense of which does not make life less beautiful, nor even less full of hope.

#### A MUCH-NEEDED WORD.

PREACHING the school sermons in the Octagon Chapel, Norwich, on Sunday, the 24th ult., the Rev. J. J. Wright spoke as follows of the Sunday-schools as the great hope of the Christian Church in every branch of it, and of our own not least:—There is no need to minimise any other effort of the Christian Church in order to say this. And varied worker in varied ways as it is my lot to be, I am not likely to minimise the importance of other things in order to exalt the Sunday-school. But just consider! Here is a chapel. Yonder is a Sunday-school. In the school are so many young people. In the chapel, as a congregation, are so many older people. The congregation is a standing witness of its faith to the world. But, year by year, the people who form the congregation are growing older. One by one each member passes on into the Unseen. Follow the process with your imagination through a few years, and there comes a time, soon or late, when every single member of the present congregation will have passed away. Then the chapel has lost all its congregation, in the nature of things, unless—unless in the meantime there have been additions. Where are these additions to come from? What efforts we do make and what money we do spend—and not one effort too many nor one penny too much—in converting people from the outside—yea, and sometimes with blessed results. Our congregations are added to in that way. But are the additions, as a rule, very numerous? Thank God, too, we have young people in all our congregations who follow on and fill their fathers' and mothers' places there; aye, young people from generation to generation. But do we not often forget that here close at hand—in our very hands, as it were—is a larger, easier, surer source of supply, from which to draw members to our chapels, successors to ourselves, witnesses to the world of the faith we hold? In the Sunday-schools of England to-day are probably children and young people enough to fill all our churches and chapels in the future. Here are more than 5,000,000 young people actually coming to us Sunday after Sunday, putting themselves into our hands. As business men, cannot we see that, at less cost and with less labour than our efforts at converting the outer world, we have here, in the natural course of things, the congregations of the future if we but work to

that end? Once distinctly see that, and what a purpose there will be in Sunday-school work.

Friends, I am convinced, by long and varied experience, that there is no institution connected with any congregation so well worth the congregation's attention as its Sunday-school. The Christian Church as a whole—or any one church in particular—has no greater opportunity than the Sunday-school of to-day. Neglect other things if you must, but do not neglect that! I speak as unto wise men and women.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

#### MR. ST. CLAIR'S "CREATION RECORDS."

SIR,—Mr. St. Clair and I have now each stated our case, and further discussion would only weary your readers. But I am sure that Mr. St. Clair will allow me a final explanation of one small point. Writing away from home, without reference to books, I could only express my "belief" in the antiquity of the relation of Isis and Horus, and was unable to cite any authority in its support. Since then I have procured the latest treatise in English, Wiedemann's "Religion of the Ancient Egyptians" (Grevel and Co., 1897), and I find him confirming the view which I ventured to express. His analysis of the functions of Horus opens thus (p. 27):—

By the name of Horus at least two entirely distinct deities were originally denoted—Horus the son of Isis, and Horus the sun-god. The attempted blending of the two divinities was a subsequent development . . . The primary significance of Horus the sun-god has nothing in common with that of the son of Isis (cp. p. 224).

This distinction is an example of Dr. Wiedemann's general method, which he sums up thus (p. 5):—

In the present state of our knowledge, all that the science of religion can do as regards Egypt is to follow the same course once traversed by the Egyptians, but in the reverse direction. Where they combined we must isolate. By study of the texts we must seek to disentangle the intermingled doctrines, to sort out the separate pieces composing that motley mosaic presented by the Egyptian belief in higher powers. In this way we shall find that we can obtain a series of separate and distinct doctrines, each of which comprises an independent sphere of thought; the combination of these doctrines, however, though attempted by the Egyptians, could never be logical.

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

Leathes Cottage, Borrowdale,  
August 1.

#### BAZAARS.

SIR,—It seemed to me as I read the letter on Bazaars, and seeing a big one in the future, that now is not "the time to speak" *against* them, but rather the time to face objections and count the advantages to be gained.

The name Bazaar stands for expenditure, time, taking trouble, and effort. Yet these are not the objections raised, as far as I can discover. No, there are two

special ones—first, that work which has cost labour and money is disposed of for a third of the cost; and second, that young girls and children are set to waylay and affect to induce people to purchase against their wishes. The first of these objections could be easily remedied by the receiver of goods or stall-keepers having a knowledge of the cost of each article and not selling below it, and keeping the unsold articles for a future sale of work.

The fact is we forget our principles in the idea that money is our only object, and that leads to worldly-mindedness and forgetfulness of the real object behind the money-getting.

The second objection should be guarded against for the sake of the young people themselves.

We seldom hear of the *good* bazaars do. Yet there is an abundance of good to be obtained. There are many kindly people who are anxious to help in useful work, and can be very helpful in this way. Drawing people together is good, the sociability of the working parties, the meeting of different personalities, the enthusiasm created; all are helpful to the individual and to the churches in establishing kindly feeling and in cultivating a tolerant spirit, for to get nearer to people's hearts is to think better thoughts about them.

I believe with the writer of the Leading Article on Bazaars, that there can be at the back "a determined religious earnestness and a consecrated purpose, that will command self-sacrifice and ensure the worthy accomplishment of all necessary work." If that is so, why wish for an easier way? Sitting still and giving money out of our pockets will not give us determined religious earnestness nor the self-sacrificing spirit. *Working* for a consecrated purpose will; so, let us

"Strive, and hold cheap the strain."  
Edgbaston. H. DOWSING.

#### INDIAN FUND.

SIR,—I have received the following further contributions to the above fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Courtney S. Kenny	...	10	0 0
Mr. Thos. Harwood	...	1	1 0
Mr. David Martineau	...	1	0 0
"T."	...	1	0 0

These bring the total amount up to £158 14s. 6d. Though it falls short of what was aimed at it will be an immense help to our friends in India at a time of great difficulty. Pray allow me again sincerely to thank the contributors and also you, Sir, for your kindness in allowing me in your columns to make the appeal and to report its results week by week.

JAMES HARWOOD.

105, Palace-road, S.W., Aug. 3.

COUNTRY AIR FOR WEAK AND AILING CHILDREN.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—Miss Crowe, 5s.; Miss Tennant, 10s.; Miss Gibb, 10s.; a Friend, per Miss Cobb, 10s.; Holly Hill Guild, £4; Mrs. Griffiths, £2.

THE benefits of affection are immense, and the one event which never loses its romance is the encounter with superior persons on terms allowing the happiest intercourse.—Emerson.



## SEASIDE JOTTINGS.

WHILE writing this I am sitting comfortably amongst the long grass of a sand dune, facing the Irish Sea. An abundance of flowers, in shades of blue and purple and yellow, surround me, inviting the bees to taste their nectar. A refreshing breeze blows in from the sea, and the rising tide, as it rolls up the sandy beach, plays an unceasing accompaniment to the seagulls' shrill cries. At the foot of the long low line of sand-hills the shingle is dotted over with picturesque tents, used by those bathers who like to be independent of the bathing-machines, of which there are but ten in this quiet seaside resort. Half-a-mile up the beach a party of day visitors are picnicing. I have been watching them gathering dry sticks, cast up long since by the sea, and now the blue smoke is rising from their little camp-fire. Grown-up men and women are disporting themselves in the sea, as far as naked legs will safely carry them, as if they really wanted to become happy children once again. To-day the atmosphere is very clear, and right in front of me, over a stretch of 30 or 40 miles of water, I can distinctly see the Isle of Man with the naked eye. There is Snaefell looming up large and black against a yellowish sky, and I can trace the whole east coast of the island as far as Douglas Head. When I look through my glasses I can do much more than this: I can break up the dark purple mass into mountains and valleys. I can locate Ramsay by the smoke of vessels which I presume are the pleasure steamers that ply round the island, or go the afternoon trip from Douglas to Ramsay and back. I think I can tell exactly where Glen Dhoon and Laxey are; and away to the south I can just sight, by its smoke, one of the steamers plying from an English port—perhaps Barrow—to Douglas. Turning my gaze to the North I can also discern Scotland, a mere shadowy outline; but still visible to the naked eye. Seascale is the name of the place where I am spending my holiday, and which seems to be situated in a huge bay bounded on the north by St. Bees Head and on the south by Gutterby Point. This is a delightfully quiet and bracing place. There is a good sea and capital sands for bathing; and inland you get glimpses of mountain scenery which make you long to be continually tramping off somewhere. The normal population here is very small; and it is an easy thing to stand in almost any one place and count all the houses. I understand that the excellent golf-links on the sand-hills attract a large proportion of the visitors. Besides the very respectable hotel near the railway station, there is no other public-house; consequently there is no temptation for either residents or visitors to indulge in over-much drinking. I imagine Seascale must be an exceedingly healthy place, for it has no burial ground of its own; and when anyone does happen to die here, he is taken either to Drigg or Gosforth—both places several miles away—for interment. Another proof of its healthiness, I suppose, is the fact that there is not a resident doctor. Two medical men have places of call here, and may, as a general thing, be found there each morning; but a member of my household had occasion to consult one of them one day, and although she saw him at

10 A.M., she did not get her medicine until 9.30 P.M. It seems that the doctor keeps no drugs here, and that his custom is to send medicine up from his residence at Ravenglass by the 9.0 P.M. train each evening. This cannot be at all comforting to nervous people; still it is a favourite place with many folk, and I am told that every available room is already taken for August.

The roads for miles round are suitable for cycling, but when you get amongst the mountains you must take your chance. The district is a sort of paradise for those who love walking. Pedestrians cannot go wrong. There are grand lanes in all directions, and the country is well wooded. It seems to me that you could stay here a month and go a fresh walk every day. Seascale is also a good centre for excursions by rail and coach. You can, in fact, easily do the whole Lake District from here. The grim screes on the south side of Wastwater are clearly discernible from here; indeed it is only about 12 miles to the head of Wastdale; and we can see standing there so majestically, like giant sentinels keeping guard, Great Gable and Scafell. A little to the south is the beautiful Eskdale, with its quaint toy railway from Ravenglass to Boot. The longest and hardest and grandest walk I have had since coming here was in that direction.

We left by an early train for Ravenglass, and thence on to Boot amidst the most beautiful scenery all the way. At Boot we shouldered our knapsack, and started our seven or eight miles hard climbing over Hard Knott, up the Duddon Valley, and over Wrynose into Little Langdale, and then through Skelwith on to Waterhead, Windermere. It was a glorious day, and we took our time. Over Wrynose we crossed for a while into Lancashire, and a little further on into Westmoreland. This walk may be one of the hardest in Lakeland, but it embraces the grandest scenery, and the pedestrian is amply repaid for his effort. The mountain road, though so rough, is used for vehicles; but it really seems cruelty to animals, and, moreover, the passengers have to get out and walk up both these two mountain passes. On the following day we steamed down the lake to the Ferry, and much enjoyed a walk thence through quaint old Hawkshead to Conistown, where in the evening we took train for Seascale.

Another good walk, for an afternoon, is to Santon Bridge, returning, after tea, through country lanes by way of Drigg. Or, again, to Calder Bridge to view the exceedingly picturesque old abbey ruins there. Perhaps it was the sunlight of the late afternoon that heightened the impression; anyhow, I think I never felt more gratified with ruins of this character in my life. Such loving care is bestowed upon them to keep them in preservation. Still another afternoon walk is through Drigg and the fields to Muncaster, and then a climb over the fell to Muncaster Castle—a grand structure, occupying an imposing and commanding position. But I cannot attempt to enumerate all the delightful and cheap excursions possible from Seascale as a centre as if I were writing a guide-book. Any one coming here and providing himself with a good road-map can easily find them out.

There is no weather-prophet here.

Nobody is bold enough to say it is going to be a fine day to-morrow. Folk say the weather is so tantalisingly uncertain; yet I must testify that during the last three weeks I have had to postpone nothing on account of the rain; and friends of mine who were staying here all June were never kept prisoners in the house one whole day, although occasionally the mountain mists drifted seawards and fell here as heavy rain. For those who are fond of angling there are half-a-dozen streams within easy reach in which one may angle for salmon and trout galore. It is only here and there that the water is preserved; and anglers are poor stuff if they cannot satisfactorily deal with the problem which occasionally presents itself. There is no boating here. You cannot find a single boat of any kind in Seascale, except a few half-rotten ones utilised in labourers' gardens as summer-houses. There is one man, assisted by two sons and two horses, who engages in sea fishing at the turn of the tide, with a long drag-net; and during the rest of the day he sits on the sea-wall smoking his pipe. He seldom catches anything, judging from my own repeated observations; but as he, nevertheless, manages to maintain his family and horses by his earnings, you can imagine what the price of fresh-caught fish must be.

There are two places of worship here; both new buildings—the church and the Wesleyan chapel. The latter gets the larger congregation. I have been here two Sundays, and as a good Nonconformist I attended the Wesleyan service each Sunday morning. There was much in the hymns I couldn't possibly sing, and an orthodoxy in the sermons I couldn't agree with; still there was a vigour and breeziness about the whole service which made one realise that here were men and women who were earnest about getting to the heart of God and receiving His inspiration. Last Sunday evening I went to church. The service was intoned; twice the choir turned to the east—once for the creed and once for a collect after the service. The subject of the sermon was the breaking of the alabaster box of ointment; and there were some downright sensible applications in it to practical human life; but the chief lesson seemed to be that money spent in church decoration was well-spent and was pleasing to God. Looking round that new building with its plain glass windows and bare walls, one could not help wondering whether modesty prevented the preacher from making the application even more clear than it was. I confess I wished I could compel all lukewarm Unitarians to have a yearly dose of orthodox worship and preaching in church and chapel; for if it did not rouse them to a higher appreciation of the average service in their own chapels, they must, indeed, be past praying for. May I, in conclusion, express a hope that all readers of *THE INQUIRER* may have as enjoyable and invigorating a holiday as I have had, and that communion with Nature may bring them into a clearer recognition of God's being, God's power and God's love.

CHARLES ROPER.

MANY men, however ambitious to be great in great things, have been well content to be little in little things.—*Guesses at Truth.*



## SOUTHERN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

WE published last week the sermon preached by the Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A., at the annual meeting of this Association held at Bournemouth on Wednesday, the 27th ult., and a report of the first part of the proceedings.

At the business meeting the Committee's report, from which we gave some notes, was adopted and the officers and Committee were re-appointed, except that Mr. R. Belben, of Poole, took the place of the Rev. W. J. Jupp on the Committee, the latter having left the district.

After tea in the lecture room a public meeting was held in the church, Mr. J. COGAN CONWAY, the President, being in the chair.

The Rev. J. HARWOOD, B.A., being obliged to leave early, was the first speaker, and delivered a most interesting address on the present position of the Brahmo Somaj in India, and the claims of that movement on our churches. Tracing the Brahmo Somaj from its commencement under Rammohun Roy, the speaker showed how, starting amid totally different surroundings to English Unitarianism, it had moved in many respects on parallel lines and arrived at very similar conclusions. From the first the movement had shared the fate of all pioneer movements, being cut off on the one hand from the sympathy of those who clung to their fathers' faith, and distrusted on the other by the preachers of orthodox Christianity, and it therefore came about that the leaders and members of the Brahmo Somaj looked to the Unitarians of England as their closest friends, and warmly appreciated every kindly word and token of sympathy extended towards them.

The CHAIRMAN then addressed the meeting, and acknowledged the honour of his re-election as President. He was proud to preside over a Unitarian Association, a dogmatic Association, bearing on its front an unmistakable sign, and declaring by its name what it meant, what it was, and what it stood for. They, as Unitarians, could only speak each for himself, they did not by their utterances necessarily commit anyone else to the acceptance of their opinions, but for himself he wished to speak out unmistakably on some current controversies. An Association like theirs had a double danger to face, being open not only to attack in front, but in the rear, and in the very ranks, by none too courteous friends, who challenged their right to exist and to do the Church's work, friends who told them they were "usurping ecclesiastical functions," if as a dogmatic Association they helped the churches. It was wrong, those friends told them, for their churches to receive aid and advice from an Association with a dogmatic basis, because their Churches had not a dogmatic basis. But he contended that the reason why men and women associated themselves for worship was because they were in substantial agreement as to the object and the mode of worship. What separated them from other Churches was sympathy in opinion, he would even say in creed. He was not afraid of the word. What they believed was their creed, and that was to them the truth of God. It was not what others believed, or what any would be compelled to believe in time to come, but what they believed to-day, not as a test,

or shibboleth, but as an actual bond of union, the recognition of a plain fact, which cut them off from the rest of Christendom. The Churches in sympathy with them addressed their prayers, and their worship to God the Father only, not to Christ, not to the Virgin Mary, not to the Holy Ghost, and this fact separated them, cut them off from the vast majority of Christians, and made them a sect whether they liked it or not. The difference as to the object of worship was fundamental, and it cut them off from the rest of Christendom. The meaning of the word 'sect' was something cut off. It need not be a word of ill-favour—it ought not to be. It had associations of the highest sanctity. Christianity itself was a sect—"the sect everywhere spoken against"—and it was a minority of the human race. He held it right that those Churches whose bond of union was the strict Unity of God, should associate on a dogmatic basis—not perhaps, as churches—in his opinion they had better not associate at all, as churches. More organisation, more "corporate life," as the phrase went, would be dangerous to real freedom, as tending more and more to interference, to corporate government of individual churches. The present system he believed to be the best. Individual members of the churches banded themselves together on the basis of actual and temporary agreement of belief, and in that way tried to help forward the common cause. That was what they did and what the parent Association—the British and Foreign—did, and he resented most deeply the unseemly attacks that had been made upon it recently. They had been told lately, with wearisome iteration, that religion came before doctrine. That was not the teaching of Christ, who said "The first of the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One Lord"; and they read that when he had finished the Sermon on the Mount the people were astonished at his doctrine.

The Rev. J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., speaking on the "Present Crisis in Religious Affairs," said for years past the country had watched with distrust and amazement the growing power and popularity of Ritualism in the Established Church, and lately the agitation had grown to such an extent that strong (and sometimes unseemly) protest had been evoked. The marvel was that men should only just have realised it, and that Englishmen should have left it to Mr. Kensit and his friends to raise a question that so deeply affected the nation as a whole. Even now the protests being made were mainly concerned with externals, but if the questions at issue were merely as to more candles or more artistic embroidery they might view the matter with indulgence or indifference. But that was not the case. The plea was frequently entered, "What have Dissenters to do with the Church of England?" The very asking of such a question showed how ultra-sectarian the Church had become. If other denominations interfered with the itinerant system of Methodism or with the Church government of Presbyterianism they would get soundly rapped on the knuckles, and rightly so. But the Church of England stood on different grounds from these other bodies. It claimed to be the National Church, and it was the Church established by law, and as such they were all born into membership with it and had a share and interest in all its concerns, and

were not going to let themselves be bounced out of their rights by the over-weening pretensions of the priesthood. For the matters at issue lay deeper than the external practices complained of. When the self-styled Anglo-Catholics called themselves Catholics instead of Protestants they meant what they said; when they spoke of the Mass instead of the Lord's Supper they meant it; and when they called themselves priests instead of ministers they meant it. As a fact, there had been for years a Catholic revival going on in England, and to-day Roman Catholicism was probably stronger in England than at any time since the Reformation—it had lived down (and this we should rejoice in) much of the unreasonable odium which formerly attached itself to the name, and had won largely the sympathies of the nation. Through the public Press it largely moulded the opinion of the country, but though working with varying methods its avowed aim was, as it always had been, to bring the English people back to the Roman fold—an aim which would be quite unattainable without the conscious or unconscious co-operation of the Anglicans. Now if Catholicism were simply a matter of genuflexions, and embroideries, and incense, they need not, perhaps fear it, but what was its spirit, its true inwardness? Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale"! More suggestive still was the picture given in John Oliver Hobbs's "School for Saints," for that was a picture from the inside. Says this celebrated writer:—"Protestants insist on the virtues, the Catholics lay more stress on the Sacraments—now the virtues are after all the product of philosophy. One might be perfectly virtuous in every human relation and yet possess an irreligious soul. On the other hand one might be perfectly convinced of God's revelation . . . and yet sin grievously against every canon of right conduct. The faults of those who love us are more acceptable to us than the virtues of those who neglect us. . . . I fully comprehend why it is a more vital necessity of the Christian life to attend Mass than to keep a stoic's temper. It seems to me unjust to call any person a hypocrite, because, while in creed a Christian, he is in the struggle of life greedy, untruthful, avaricious, or worse." If this picture was a true one the net result of it all was this: that Catholicism dethroned the moral law in favour of doctrine—i.e., to attend Mass was better than to live a good life—that was the true inwardness of the "Catholic revival," and it was because the Church of England was approaching ever more closely to this by its teaching that they as Protestants had the right and duty laid upon them to protest. Teaching of this character had been the undoing of Catholic Europe, and it was their duty to guard the land they loved from its infection.

The Rev. C. HARGROVE, while agreeing with much that Mr. Warschauer had said, thought that in order to arrive at a true and impartial view it would be necessary to look at the question of Ritualism from another aspect. Looking back over thirty-five years and more he could well remember the clamour and the outcry and the unseemly rioting that were provoked by the beginnings of Ritualism. A few men at first set themselves against the laws of the realm, against the bishops, and against their own congregations, to



bring about certain changes in the worship and doctrines of the Church, and it could not be denied that they had to a large extent succeeded. And why? Was it not because the Church of England itself was the church of a compromise? That Church in its present form, and as they knew it to-day, was founded when the nation was sharply divided between Catholics and Protestants, and the avowed aim of the men who settled its formularies was to make it possible for all men of easy conscience to remain within its borders. On just a few points it spoke with no uncertain sound; for example, the supremacy of the Pope was not to be recognised on any terms—the head of the State was to be head of the Church; there was to be no mistake about that. Then, Presbyterianism was not to be tolerated, the Episcopal form of Church government had been adopted, and was to be kept to. But setting aside such points as these, there was an intentional vagueness in the settlement on which the Church was founded, and there was no doubt that this vagueness was intended to make it as easy as possible for Catholics to pass from the old Church to the new. They were shocked to-day by what seemed to them the excesses of ritual, but it was an open question whether the most advanced ritualistic practices went beyond the practices generally recognised as lawful, say, in the time of Elizabeth. Further, the whole question of vestments and ornaments depended on a statute of Edward VI., which many High Churchmen claimed as entirely on their side. Then the Prayer-Book itself might be said to be Catholic and Protestant, and how any man could declare his assent and consent to all contained in it at the same time was a puzzle that only theologians could solve. The bulk of Englishmen objected to confession, but the Prayer-Book recognised, if it did not actually enjoin, the practice by the power of absolution which it acknowledged as residing in the priest. And the same was true of the doctrine of the Mass. The Prayer-Book asserted in so many words that the body and blood of Christ were verily and in truth received in the Lord's Supper—words which in their ordinary meaning certainly signified the Roman doctrine, however much they might be explained away. But, after all, their present-day Ritualists were Protestants at the bottom, whether they liked the name or not. Ask them, and they would find that though they are in agreement with the Roman on this and that and the other point, yet there comes some point on which they differ. Whether they owned it or not they were Protestant in principle, because they, like other Protestants, pick and choose amongst the doctrines submitted to their judgment, and this the Romanist could not and would not do. He might understand much or little of the Church's teaching, but all that he knew the Church had taught he would accept, and holding the view he did as to the authority of the Church he could do no other. What, then, should be the stand that they as Unitarians should take in the present controversy? For his own part he was not inclined to join with the narrowest section of the Church in an attack upon the Ritualist, but rather with that Broad Church School which recognised the right of diversity in a National Church and

was working steadily towards the end of making the Church of England the National Church in reality as well as in name.

The Rev. E. C. BENNETT followed with an earnest and sympathetic address on "Our Message as Unitarians to Men and Women and the Children," and a very successful meeting was brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Bournemouth friends for their hospitality, which was proposed by Mr. BLESSLEY and responded to by Mrs. F. W. OSLER.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.]

**Accrington.**—The Rev. J. Ruddle preached his farewell sermon in the Oxford-street Chapel on Sunday evening last to a large congregation. In the course of the sermon he said:—"Eight years ago, on July 6 and 13, 1890, I preached my first sermons in Accrington. . . . It is not without a certain satisfaction that I utter my confident conviction that the general course of my preaching was very fairly indicated in those four first sermons. If I began by speaking of Jesus, his character, and his home, the direct teaching of Jesus and the influence of his character have all along been much in my thoughts and prominent in my sermons; if the brief series ended with a sermon on 'Firmness of Character,' and included, as I remember it did, an expression of scorn for the fickle and the 'flirts' of both sexes, I have spoken in the same key since. Going over the records of my seven and a-half years' preaching I may without hesitation declare that I have kept faith with you. I have striven to speak truthfully as well as simply. I have dealt as far as possible with subjects that bear directly upon human life and character, and have 'kept back nothing that was profitable.' It behoves me, therefore, to bear testimony that the utmost freedom has been granted me. Never have I been reproached for my treatment of the subjects upon which Christians of the same general creed differ most earnestly. I have spoken freely, and, as far as I know, what I have said has always been received as a conscientious statement delivered in the discharge of my duty. . . . As in the pulpits and in our miscellaneous and business meetings, while I do myself the justice to say that I have never professed an easy neutrality or concealed my real opinion, so I most heartily acknowledge that I have lost nothing by being outspoken, and I have never heard or imagined that an unworthy construction was placed upon anything that I have said." Reference was then made to special details in the history of the church, and acknowledgment was made of special obligations. "Very friendly, and even anxious, questions have been asked me of my own future. That, as far as worldly matters go, may be dropped out of your thought. But when you think of me think of me as one who did his work not without omissions and blunders, but sincerely and of goodwill, and silently in your hearts ask that God will give me a work that is suited for me, and make me a blessing where I go." The service concluded with the Lord's Prayer and an ascription of praise to God the Father.

**Cardiff.**—The *Cambrian Natural Observer*, the journal of the Astronomical Society of Wales, contains the following kindly reference to the late minister of West Grove Church:—"The Rev. Geo. St. Clair has left Cardiff for his former home, Birmingham—a heavy loss to the intellectual life of the Welsh metropolis. His new work, 'Creation Records,' is an important contribution to a difficult subject, and throws startling light on some ancient religious beliefs. Mr. St. Clair hopes to follow it up with similar monographs on the Greek and Babylon mythology."

**Doncaster.**—Flower services were held last Sunday, the preacher being the Rev. H. Thomas. During the afternoon service offerings of flowers were made by the children of the Sunday-school and congregation, and were distributed after the evening service among sick persons known to members of the congregation, and to the sick and children's wards of the workhouse. Prizes were also presented to the scholars who had been successful in a recent examination made annually by the Yorkshire Unitarian Sunday School Association. The church has been recently renovated at the cost of £50, half of which was raised by the

congregation, while the other half was generously contributed by the trustees and other friends.

**Liscard.**—We have received a card of the proceedings at the laying of the memorial stone of the new church, by Mrs. W. Elam, on Friday evening, and the subsequent reception to the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, the new minister of the Liscard, congregation, in the concert hall. The card is illustrated with drawings of the former iron church in which the congregation worshipped for five and a-half years, and of the new church, which Mrs. Elam is giving in memory of her husband, the late William Elam. To-morrow morning the induction service of the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas is to be held in the concert hall, in which the Rev. James Drummond, Principal of Manchester College, is to take part.

**London: Islington.**—On Friday week the sixth annual show of plants grown by the children of Unity Church Sunday-school was held in the school-room. There were over sixty plants, many having been exhibited several years in succession. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Sargent. Dr. Hicks occupied the chair. Miss M. Pritchard delivered an illustrative address, to which the children listened with rapt attention.

**London Sunday-school Teachers at Ascot.**—On Monday last, Bank Holiday, the seventeenth excursion of Sunday-school teachers to Ascot took place. The first was in 1882, and during the whole of these years the teachers, who never numbered less than 200, have owed the whole of their entertainment to the generous kindness of Miss J. D. Smith, of King's Ride, Ascot. This year the largest number (240) went down, and the day was the finest of all the years. As usual, the Limehouse band, connected with Miss Smith's Mission Hall and led by the Rev. John Toye, gave a concert. The Rev. Robert Collyer was present, as he was in 1883, and delivered an interesting address, with reminiscences of his own Sunday-school life. He added, there was nothing of that kind for teachers when he was young, and this treat of Miss Smith's was clear ahead of anything he had ever seen in America or anywhere else. He had no doubt the whole affair would be a sunny memory to the Sunday-school teachers through the whole course of their lives. The vicar of Ascot and several ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood were present at the concert and during the address. After tea, the Rev. R. Spears said they had never started home without thanking their hostess, Miss J. D. Smith, and also Sir Edwin and Lady Durning-Lawrence. A cordial vote of thanks was then moved by Mr. Morulvie, an Indian and a Mahometan, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Daves Hicks, of Islington, and carried with three cheers. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., M.P., replied, and said the enjoyment was mutual, and at Ascot they all felt it was one of the greatest pleasures of the year, and to them also a red-letter day. Miss Smith also said that it had been a great pleasure to her to see them all again, and she could not help thanking the band for the sweet music it had discoursed to them. Other kind words she added, and the party returned home, carriages to the station being provided for the elders.

**Pontypriid.**—We have to record the loss which this church has sustained by the death of Mr. Geo. Woodward, Supervisor of Inland Revenue, which took place suddenly, from apoplexy, at his residence on Sunday week. The deceased gentleman, who was forty-six years of age, passed through Somerset House about twelve months ago, when he was given charge of his first district—that which embraces Aberdare, Pontypriid, and the Rhondda Valley. The onerous and responsible nature of his duties seemed to tell upon his health, and it is thought that the fatal seizure was largely attributable to worry and overwork. We do not think that Mr. Woodward had been closely identified with a Unitarian church before coming to Pontypriid, though he used to attend Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, and previously also the late Mr. Dawson's church in Birmingham, during the ministry of the Rev. Geo. St. Clair. The funeral took place at Glyntaff Cemetery last Thursday, when the Rev. Dr. Griffiths officiated.

**Pudsey.**—The annual floral services were held here on Sunday last, July 31, when the Rev. John G. Slater, minister of the church, preached in the morning and evening, taking as his themes, "Youth and the Flowers" and "The Flowers of Life." In the afternoon a service of song, entitled "Won by a Child," was rendered by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. F. W. Wilson, organist, the readings being given by Miss Slater. Miss Brown, of Weetwood, presented the prizes to fifteen of the scholars who had been successful in the examinations of the Yorkshire Unitarian Sunday School Union, and gave a brief but very appropriate address to the congregation and scholars. All the services were well attended, and the collections satisfactory.



**Rawtenstall.**—A flower competition was held in the Bank-street schoolroom on Saturday week, prizes for the best bouquets of wild flowers collected by the children having been offered in the younger and elder divisions of the school, and also other prizes for cut flowers and plants, open to the congregation. Mr. Shill, head gardener to Captain Law-Schofield kindly acted as judge. The competition was the first of its kind held in the school, and was instituted with the object of awakening in the children an interest in flowers. On the following day the annual floral festival was held, the services being conducted by the Rev. Wilfred Harris, M.A., of Manchester, whose evening address was on "The Law of Life in Nature." The church was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers.

**Saffron Walden: General Baptist Chapel.**—On Sunday, July 31, the 187th anniversary of this congregation was held in the morning, when a service in commemoration was conducted with selected hymns, and an earnest discourse was delivered from Matthew xvii. 1-4 verses. In the evening the seventy-ninth anniversary of the Sunday-school was commemorated with specially selected hymns, effectively rendered by the scholars, teachers, and choir. The sermon was delivered from Matthew v. 14, 15, 16 verses. It was lucid, practical, inspiring. The preacher on both occasions was the Rev. Joseph Watmough, of Headcorn, Kent, President of the General Baptist Assembly of England and Wales.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[TO PUBLISHERS.—All Books, &c., sent to THE INQUIRER will be acknowledged under this head, with name of publisher and price, if supplied. The necessities of our space, however, compel us to limit the number selected for critical notice and review.]

*The Imitation of Christ.* With Introduction by Dr. Bigg. 2s. (Methuen and Co.)

*Keble's Christian Year.* With Introduction by Dr. Walter Lock. 2s. (Methuen and Co.)

*Mill Hill Pulpit, Expositor, Scribner's, Century, Macmillan's, St. Nicholas, New Century, Bookman, New Kingdom, Essex Church Calendar.*

### OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.

Bermundsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. HAROLD RYLETT.  
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.  
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. HARWOOD, B.A.  
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.  
Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. MARCHANT.  
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M., Rev. B. KIRKMAN GRAY, and 7 P.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M., Mr. E. J. BULL, and 6.30 P.M., Mr. W. LEE.  
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. JOHN ELLIS, Sheffield.  
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M., Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, of New York, and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. HERFORD.  
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. R. SPEARS.  
Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D.  
Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. FARQUHARSON. Morning, "Consider the Lilies." Evening, "Work and Play."  
Kilburn, Quex-road. Closed. Re-open Aug. 28th.  
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. POPE.  
Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. JENKINS JONES, of Woolwich.  
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. CADMAN.  
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.  
Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M.; 3 P.M., Service for Children, Rev. S. FARRINGTON.

Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. LUCKING TAVENER.  
Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M., Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M., Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A., and 7 P.M., Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, of New York.  
Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. MUMMERY.  
Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey-road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

### PROVINCIAL.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. STANLEY.  
BEDFORD, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. ROWLAND HILL.  
BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah. Closed.  
BLACKPOOL, Bank-street, North Shore, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. BINNS.  
BLACKPOOL, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.  
BOOTLE, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. HAWKES.  
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. COE.  
BRIGHTON, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-st., 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. FELIX TAYLOR.  
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
CANTERBURY, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. REMINGTON WILSON, M.A.  
DEAL and WALMER, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. MELSON GODFREY.  
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. BURROWS.  
EASTBOURNE, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. W. H. HOWE.  
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. FALLOWS, M.A.  
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. C. HARGROVE.  
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B.A.  
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. JUPP.  
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw-street Chapel. Closed until Sept. 4th.  
MANCHESTER, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. JAMES FORREST, M.A.  
MANCHESTER, Strangeways 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.  
MARGATE, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Mrs. BARROWS.  
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. ODGERS, M.A.  
PORTSMOUTH, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. THOMAS BOND.  
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. COSENS PRIOR.  
RAMSGATE, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Mrs. BARROWS.  
READING, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. VOYSEY.  
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.  
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.  
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. HUBERT CLARKE.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.  
WEYMOUTH, Oddfellows' Hall, Market-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. C. BENNETT.  
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. WALTER LLOYD.

CAPE TOWN, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. BALMFORTH.

### HOW UNITARIANS MAY FURTHER HELP THE RELIGIOUS REFORMATION OF INDIA.

A. M. BOSE, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and of Calcutta, will DELIVER AN ADDRESS in the Unitarian Christian Church, Highgate Hill, London, on Sunday Evening, August 7th, on "How Unitarians may Further Help the Brahmo Somaj Movement in India."  
Divine Service at 7. All seats free.

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Essex Hall, Strand, W.C.

### BIRTHS.

CAWSTON—On July 28th, at 7, St. James-street, King's Lynn, the wife of G. Herbert Cawston, of a son.

### MARRIAGES.

WICKSTEED—ROBINSON—On July 25, at the Friends' Meeting House, Ifield, Sussex, the Rev. Joseph Hartley Wickstead, M.A., of Padiham, to Mary Ethel, second daughter of Henry Robinson, Esq., of Iford, Sussex, and Cayuga, Lewisham.

### DEATHS.

COUPLAND—On 3rd August, at Wallington, Surrey Alfred Newton, second son of the late William Newton Coupland, of Streatham, aged 50.



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